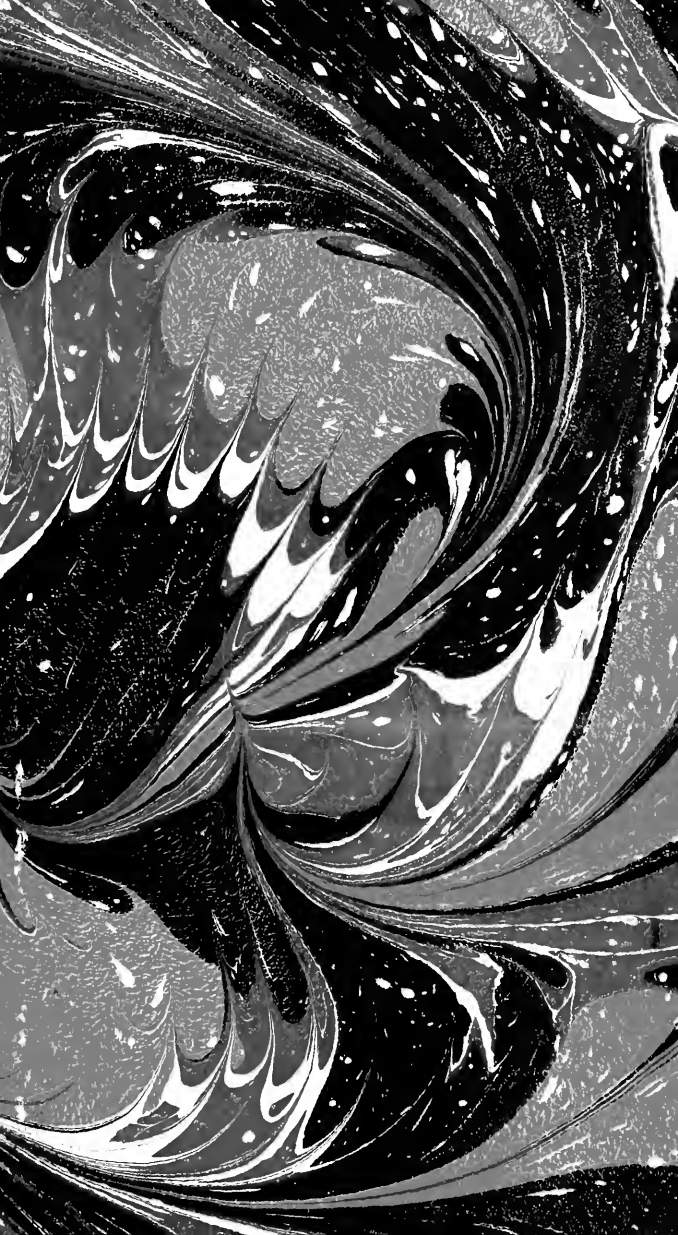

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SCOTISH SONGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

DICUNT IN TENERO GRAMINE PINGUIUM
CUSTODES OVIUM CARMINA, FISTULA
DELECTANTQUE DEUM, CUI PECUS ET NIGRI
COLLES ARCADIÆ PLACENT.

HORACE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD; AND J. EGERTON, WHITEHALL.

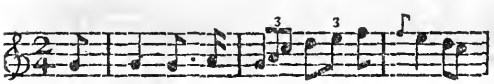
MDCCXCIV.

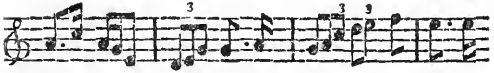
SCOTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE THIRD.

SONG I.

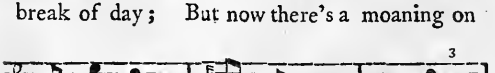
FLOWDEN-HILL: OR, FLOWERS OF THE FORREST*.



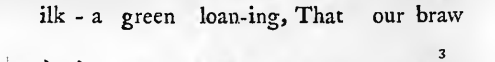


* The battle of Flodden, or, as the Engliſh uſually call it, Flodden-field, of which the mournful effects are ſo pa-

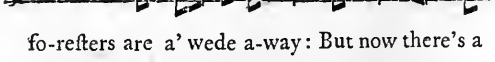
break of day; But now there's a moaning on



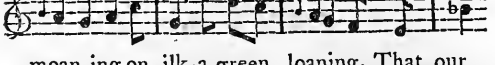
ilk - a green loan-ing, That our braw



fo-reſters are a' wede a-way: But now there's a



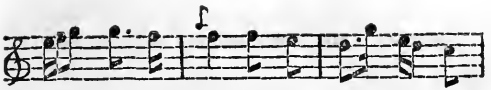
moan-ing on ilk-a green loaning, That our



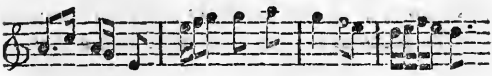
braw fo-reſters are a' wede a-way. At

thetically deſcribed in theſe beautiful ſtanzas, was fought the 9th day of September, 1513, between James IV. king of Scots and Thomas Howard earl of Surrey: that gallant monarch, with moſt of his nobility, and the greater part of his army, compoſed of the flower of the Scotiſh youth, being left dead on the field.

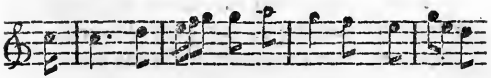
Flodden is a hill or eminence in Northhumberland, upon which the Scots encamped previous to the battle: for an account of which, ſee Buchanan, Lindſay, Drummond, and the common Engliſh and Scotiſh hiſtories.



bughts in the morn-ing nae blyth lads are



ſcorning, The laſſ-es are lone-ly, dow-ie,



and wae; Nae daff-in, nae gabbin, but ſighing

and ſabbing, Ilk ane lifts her leg-lin, and

hies her a-way.

At e'en at the gloming nae ſwankies are roaming,
'Mong ſtacks with the laſſes at bogle to play;
But ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the foreſt that are wede away.

At har'ſt at the ſhearing nae younkers are jearing,
The banſters are runkled, lyart, and grey:

At a fair or a preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

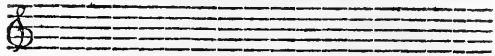
O dool for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for ance by guile gat the day;
The flower of the foreſt, that ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

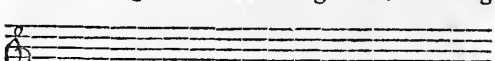
SONG II.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE*.

The king ſits in Dumferling toune, Drinking



the blude-reid wine: O quhar will I get guid



ſailor, To ſail this ſchip of mine?

* No memorial of the ſubject of this ballad occurs in hiſtory; but it apparently belongs to the preſent claſs, and probably to this period.

Up an ſpak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the beſt ſailor
That ſails upon the ſe.

The king has written a braid letter,
And ſignd it wi' his hand;
And ſent it to ſir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the ſand.

The firſt line that ſir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that ſir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To ſend me out this time o' the zeir,
To ſail upon the ſe?

Mak haſt, mak haſte, my mirry men all,
Our guid ſchip ſails the morne.
O ſay na ſae, my maſter deir,
For I feir a deadlie ſtorme.

Late late yeſtreen I ſaw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir maſter,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild ſchoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they ſwam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies ſit
Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
Or eir they ſe ſir Patrick Spence
Cum ſailing to the land.

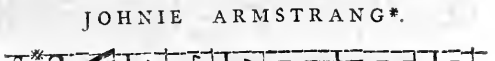
O lang, lang, may the ladies ſtand,
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll ſe thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour*,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid ſir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

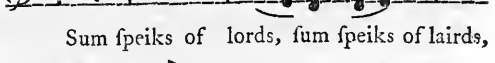
* "A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is ſometimes denominated *De mortuo mari*." PERCY.

SONG III.

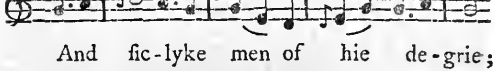
JOHNIE ARMSTRANG*.



Sum ſpeiks of lords, ſum ſpeiks of lairds,



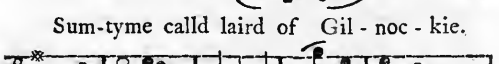
And ſic-lyke men of hie de-grie;

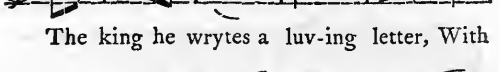


Of a gen-tle-man I ſing a ſang,

* "The king [*i. e.* James V.]...gart ſet a parliament at Edinburgh, the twenty-eighth day of March, one thouſand five hundred and twenty eight years, and ....ſyne after, made a convention at Edinburgh, with all his whole lords and barons, to conſult how he might ſtanch all theft and reving within his realm, and cauſe the commons to live in peace, which long time had been perturbed before, for fault of good guiding of an old king. To this effect, the king made proclamations to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they ſhould compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victual, to paſs with the king where he pleaſed, to danton the thieves of Teviotdale, Annandale, Liddiſdale, and other parts of that country: and alſo warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the ſaid country, as he pleaſed.

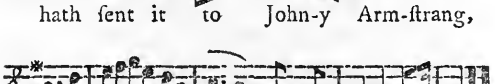
"The ſecond day of June the king paſt out of Edinburgh to the hunting.... After this hunting he hanged JOHN ARMSTRONG laird of Kilknockey, and his complices, to the number of thirty ſix perſons: for the which many Scottiſh-men heavily lamented; for he was the moſt redoubted chiftain that had been, for a long time, on the borders, either of Scotland or





England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horſed; yet he never moleſted any Scottiſh-man. But it is ſaid, that, from the borders to Newcaſtle, every man, of whatſomever eſtate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king, with his foreſaid number richly apparelled, truſting that, in reſpect of his free offer of his perſon, he ſhould obtain the king's favour. But the king, ſeeing him and his men ſo gorgeous in their apparel, with ſo many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his ſight, ſaying, *What wants that knave that a king ſhould have?* But John Armſtrong made great offers to the king, That he ſhould ſuſtain himſelf with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his ſervice, on their own coſt, without wronging any Scottiſh-man. *Secondly*. That there was not a ſubject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he ſhould bring him to his majeſty, either quick or dead. At length, he ſeeing no hope of favour, ſaid, very proudly, *It is folly to ſeek grace at a graceleſs face: But* (ſaid he) *had I known this, I ſhould have lived on the borders, in deſpite of king Hary and you both; for I know king Hary would down-weigh my beſt horſe with gold, to known that I were condemned to die this day.*" Lindſay of Pitſcotties *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 145. This execution is alſo noticed by Buchanan.

Armſtrongs death appears to have been much talked of. In a ſort of morality by ſir David Lindſay, intitled " Ane Satyre



The Eliots and Armſtrangs did convene;
They were a gallant company:
Weill ryde and meit our lawful king.
And bring him ſafe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And veniſon in great plenty,
Weill welcome hame our royal king,
I hope heill dyne at Gilnockie.

of the thrie eſtaits, &c." Edin. 1602, 4to. a pardoner, enumerating the different relics in his poſſeſſion, is made to ſay,

Heir is ane coird baith great and lang,
Quhilk hangit JOHNE THE ARMISTRANG,
Of gude hemp ſoft and ſound:
Gude halie peopill I ſtand for'd,
Quha evir beis hangit with this cord,
Neids never to be dround.

This, which Ramſay calls, "the true old ballad, never printed before," he copyed, he tells us, "from a gentleman's mouth of the name of *Armſtrang*," who was the ſixth generation from the above *John*. The gentleman told him "this was ever eſteemd the genuine ballad, the common one, falſe."

By "the common one," it is preſumed, the gentleman meant the Engliſh ſong, which the reader may ſee in the "Select Collection," vol. ii. p. 112

They ran their horſe on the Langum 'Howm',
And brake their ſpeirs with mekle main;
The ladys lukit frae their loft windows:
God bring our men weil back again!
Quhen Johny came before the king,
With all his men ſae brave to ſee,
The king he movit his bonnet to him,
He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my ſovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me;
For my name it is Johny Armſtrang,
And ſubject of zours, my liege, ſaid he.
Away, away, thou traytor ſtrang,
Out of my ſicht thou mayſt ſune be;
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee,

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a bony gift I will give to thee,
Full four and twenty milk whyt ſteids,
Were a foald in a zeir to me.
I'll gie thee all theſe milk whyt ſteids,
That prance and nicher at a ſpeir,
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,
As four of their braid backs dow beir.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang throw a the zeir to me.
Theſe four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid quheit,
As all thair happers dow to bear.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld four and twenty ſilters ſons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all ſould flee.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcaſtle town
Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he ſays,
Althocht a king and prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
I dare well ſayit, but honeſty:
But a fat horſe, and a fair woman,
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir;
But Ingland ſuld haif found me meil and malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho ſuld have found me meil and malt,
And beif and mutton in all plentie;
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif ſaid
That eir I ſkaithd her a pure flie.
To ſeik het water beneath cauld yce,
Surely it is a great folie;
I haif aſked grace at a graceleſs face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
How thou unkynd wadſt bene to me,
I wad haif kept the border ſyde,
In ſpyte of all thy force and thee.
Wiſt Englands king that I was tane,
O gin a blyth man wald he be!
For anes I flew his ſiſters ſon,
And on his breiſt-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his midle,
Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
Beſpangled with the ſame mettle,
Maiſt beautifull was to behold.
Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
And ilk an worth three hundred pound:
What wants that knave that a king ſuld haif,
But the ſword of honour and the crown?

O quhair gat thou theſe targats, Johnie,
That blink ſae brawly abune thy brie?

I gat them in the field fechting,
Quher, cruel king, thou durſt not be.
Had I my horſe and my harneſs gude,
And ryding as I wont to be,
It ſould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
The meiting of my king and me.

God be withee, Kirſty, my brither,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun;
Lang mayſt thou dwell on the border-ſyde,
Or thou ſe thy brither ryde up and doun.
And God be withee, Kirſty, my ſon,
Quhair thou ſits on thy nurſes knee;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Eſk-ſyde thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
Gif I had lived but ſeven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie;
But Scotlands heart was never ſae wae,
To ſee ſo many brave men die.

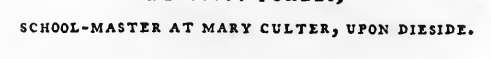
Becauſe they ſavd their country deir
Frae Engliſhmen; nane were ſae bauld,
Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-ſyde,
Nane of them durſt cum neir his hald.

SONG IV.

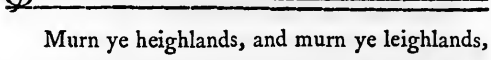
THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE, ON THE HILL OF FAIR, FOUGHT Oct. 28, 1562 *.

BY ..... FORBES,

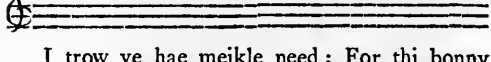
SCHOOL-MASTER AT MARY CULTER, UPON DIESIDE.



Murn ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,



I trow ye hae meikle need; For thi bonny



burn of Corichie His run this day wi' bleid?

Thi hopeful' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant ſon,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine,
His gart fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene
Throu dreid o' thi fauſe Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
An' his father auld Huntly.

* For a further account of this battle, ſee Buchanan, Spotſwood, Hume of Godſcroft, and Gordons Hiſtory of the Gordons.

Fain wad he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's ſlee wyles ſpoil't a' thi ſport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and him.

Murry gar't rayſe thi tardy Merns men,
An Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Lindſay;
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thuſan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' ſax ſcore horſemen and ten.

They ſoundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the ſpiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones ſae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaſpin,
An' dyit thi grund wi' theire bleid.

Then fauſe Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they purſuit at his backe,
Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones deſertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An' ſlaid theire brithers an' their fatheris,
An' ſpoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' ſpeid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him ſtickit,
An' out guſhit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they tuke his twa ſones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But ſair did our guide quine lament
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry loſt mony a gallant ſtout man,
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's ſons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly miſt tenſcore o' his bra' men
Sum o' heigh, an' ſum o' leigh degree;
Skeenis youngeſt ſon, thi pride o' a' the clan,
Was ther ſun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
Octobris aught an' twinty day,
Cryſtis fyfteen hundred thriſcore yeir
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maiſt waefu' came,
  That day the quine did grite her ſill,
For Huntlys gallant ſtalwart ſon,
  Wis heidit on the heidin hill.

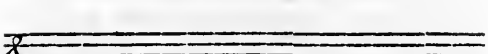
Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
  Upon thi ſamen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
  And ſee hir lover an' liges ſlayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
  I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na' diſcord,
  I wis our weirs at hame may ceiſe.

SONG V.

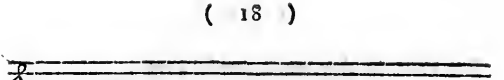
'ADAM' OF GORDON*.

It fell about the Martinmas, Quhen the wind



blew ſchrile and cauld, Said 'Adam' o' Gor-

* The ſtory of this ſong is as follows: In the year 1571, ſir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the earl of Huntley, whoſe deputy he was in the north parts, where,



don to his men, We maun draw to a hauld.

And what an a hauld ſall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the houſe of the Rodes,
To ſee that fair ladie.

She had nae ſooner buſket her ſell,
Nor putten on her gown,
Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

as archbiſhop Spotſwood relates, "under colour of the queens authority, [he] committed divers oppreſſions, eſpecially upon the Forbes's," "had ſent one Captain Ker, with a party of foot, to ſummon the caſtle of Towie [or Tavoy, as Spotſwood calls it] in the queens name. The owner, Alexander Forbes, was not then at home, and his lady, confiding too much in her ſex, not only refuſed to ſurrender, but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which, unreaſonably tranſported with fury, he ordered his men to fire the caſtle, and barbarouſly burnt the unfortunate gentlewoman, with her whole family, amounting to 37 perſons. Nor was he ever ſo much as caſhiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon ſhare both in the ſcandal and the guilt." Crawfurds *Memoirs*, Edin. 1753, p. 213. So that it evidently appears that the writer of this ballad, either through ignorance or deſign, has made uſe of Gordons name inſtead of Kers; and there is ſome reaſon to think the tranſpoſition intentional. A ballad upon this ſubject, in the Engliſh idiom, and written about the time, which nearly reſembles that here printed, ſo nearly indeed as to make it evident that one of them muſt be an alteration from the other, is ſtill extant; in which ballad, inſtead of Adam or Edom o' Gordon, we have "Captaine Care," who is called "the

They had nae ſooner ſitten down,
  Nor ſooner ſaid the grace,
Till 'Adam' o' Gordon and his men
  Were cloſed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower head,
  As faſt as ſhe could drie,
To ſee if by her fair ſpeeches
  She could with him agree.

As ſoon as he ſaw the lady fair,
  And hir yates all locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
  And his heart was aghaſt.

Cum down to me, ze lady fair,
  Cum down to me, let's ſee,
This night ze's ly by my ain ſide,
  The morn my bride ſall be.

lord of Eaſter towne," the caſtle of Rodes is "the caſtle of Crecrynbroghe," and the ladys huſband is a "lord Hamleton." In other reſpects they are ſo much alike that biſhop Percy finding, as he ſays, an (apparently incorrect) fragment of the Engliſh ballad in his folio MS. "improved and enlarged" (*i. e.* interpolated and corrupted) the Scotiſh copy "with ſeveral fine ſtanzas." See the Engliſh ballad at length, in a collection of "Ancient Engliſh Songs," publiſhed by J. Johnſon, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

It has been uſual to intitle this ballad "Edom o' Gordon;" an error which Sir David Dalrymple, to whom, as biſhop Percy ſays, we are indebted for its publication, might be led into by the local pronunciation of the lady from whoſe memory he gave it.

I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,
I winnae cum down to thee,
I winnae forſake my ane dear lord,
That is ſae far frae me.

Gi up your houſe, ze fair lady,
Gi up your houſe to me,
Or I will burn zourſel therein,
Bot you and zour babies three.

I winna gie up, zou fals Gordon,
To nae ſik traitor as thee,
Tho zou ſhould burn myſel therein,
Bot and my babies three.

Set fire to the houſe, quoth fals Gordon,
Sin better may nae bee,
And I will burn herſel therein,
Bot and her babies three.

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Why pow ze out my ground wa ſtane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
For I paid zou weil zour hire;
Why pow ze out my ground wa ſtane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weil my fee;
But now I'm 'Adam' of Gordon's man,
Maun either do or die.

O then beſpake her zoungeſt ſon,
Sat on the nurſes knee,
Dear mother, gie owre your houſe, he ſays,
For the reek it worries me.

I winnae gie up my houſe, my dear,
To nae ſik traitor as he;
Cum well, cum wae, my jewels fair,
Ye maun tak ſhare wi me.

O then beſpake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and ſma,
O row me in a pair o' ſhiets,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd her in a pair of ſhiets,
And towd her owre the wa,
But, on the point of 'Adam's' ſpeir,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonny, bonny, was hir mouth,
And chirry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi his ſpeir he turn'd hir owr,
O gin hir face was wan!
He ſaid, zou are the firſt that eer
I wiſt alive again.

He turnd her owr and owr again;
O gin hir ſkin was whyte!
He ſaid, I might ha ſpard thy life,
To been ſome mans delyte.

Buſk and boon, my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do gueſs,
I cannae luik in that bonny face,
As it lyes on the graſs.

Them luiks to freits, my maſter deir,
Then freits will follow them;
Let it neir be ſaid brave 'Adam' o' Gordon
Was daunted with a dame.

O then he ſpied hir ain deir lord,
As he came owr the lee;
He ſaw his caſtle in a fire,
As far as he could ſee.

Put on, put on, my mighty men,
As faſt as ze can drie,
For he thats hindmoſt of my men,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

And ſome they raid, and ſome they ran
Fu faſt out owr the plain,
But lang, lang, eer he coud get up,
They were a' deid and ſlain.

But mony were the mudie men
Lay gaſping on the grien;
For o' fifty men that 'Adam' brought out
There were but five ged heme.

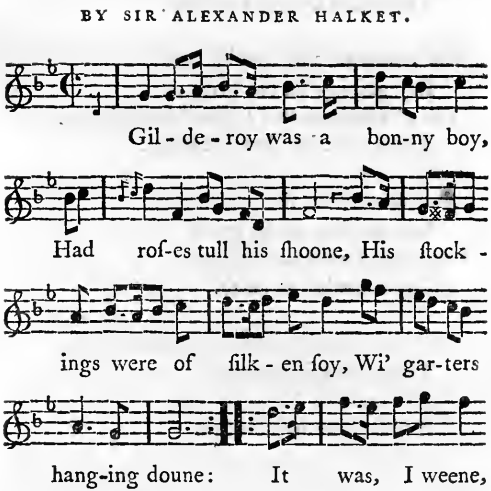
And mony were the mudie men
Lay gaſping on the grien,
And mony were the fair ladys
Lay lemanleſs at heme.

And round, and round the waes he went,
Their aſhes for to view;
At laſt into the flames he flew,
And bad the world adieu.

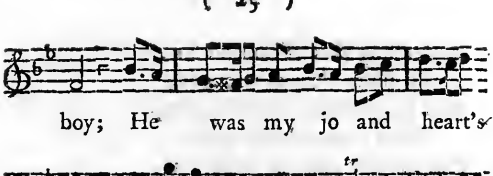
SONG VI.

GILDEROY*.

BY SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.



* A hero of whom this elegant lamentation is the only authentic memorial. He hence appears to have been a celebrated Highland freebooter, and to have been executed at Edinburgh in the time of queen Mary. The authors name is prefixed on the authority of Johnſtons *Scots Muſical Muſeum*.



Oh! ſik twa charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes:
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tul him was coy:
Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine
Gude faith I freely bought

A wedding ſark of holland fine,
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought;
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy:
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time
Amang the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To ſtir in feates of ſtrife;
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee!

God ſpeid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
My handſome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near
Was fear'd in every town,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots poſſeſſed nought
That my love let me want;
For cow and ew he 'to me brought,'
And een whan they were ſkant:
All theſe did honeſtly poſſeſs
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their ceſs
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
To hang a man for gear!
To reave of life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare!
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,

Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

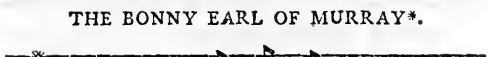
Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He mought hae baniſht been,
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy!
Nae lady had ſae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

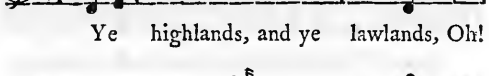
Of Gilderoy ſae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him chair,
And on a gallows hung;
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep
I laid the dear-loed boy;
And now for evir maun I weep
My winſome Gilderoy.

SONG VII.

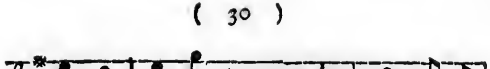
THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY*.



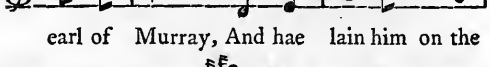


* "In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to ſeize the perſon of his ſovereign James VI. but being diſappointed had retired towards the North. The king unadviſedly gave a commiſſion to George Gordon earl of Huntley to purſue Bothwell and his followers with fire and ſword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commiſſion, took occaſion to revenge a private quarrel he had againſt James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwells. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beſet Murrays houſe, burnt it to the ground, and ſlew Murray himſelf; a young nobleman of the moſt promiſing virtues, and the very darling of the people.

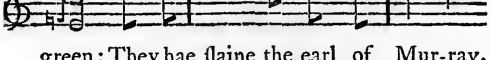
"The preſent lord Murray hath now in his poſſeſſion a picture of his anceſtor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the cuſtom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deſerved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there repreſented as a tall and comely perſonage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring, ſaid, "You hae ſpilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breaſt, ſwore, "You ſhall be as deep as I," and forced him to pierce the poor defenceleſs body.



earl of Murray, And hae lain him on the



green: They hae ſlaine the earl of Mur-ray,



And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba';
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

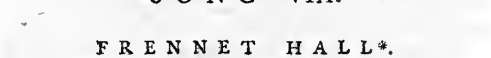
"K. James, who took no care to puniſh the murtherers, is ſaid by ſome to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being ſtimulated by jealouſy for ſome indiſcreet praiſes which his queen had too laviſhly beſtowed on this unfortunate youth." PERCY.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queenes luve.

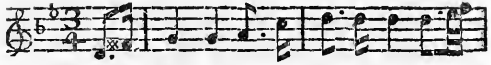
Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the caſtle downe,
Ere ſhe ſee the earl of Murray
Cum ſounding throw the towne.

SONG VIII.

FRENNET HALL*.



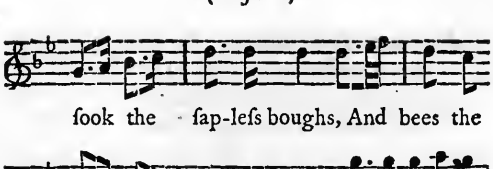
When Frennet caſtle's i-vied walls, Thro'



yal-low leaves were ſeen, When birds for-

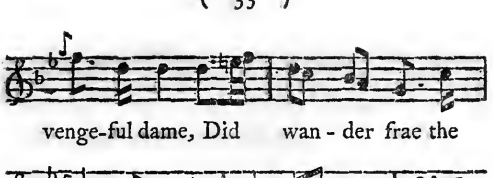
* The ſubject of this ballad is related by W. Gordon, in his "Hiſtory of the illuſtrious family of Gordon," 1726. Vol. ii, p. 135. in the following words:

"*Anno* 1630, there happened a melancholly accident to the family of Huntly thus. Firſt of January there fell out a diſcord betwixt the laird of Frendraught and ſome of his friends, and William Gordon of Rothemay, and ſome of his, in which William Gordon was killed, a brave and gallant gentleman. On the other ſide was ſlain George Gordon, brother to ſir James Gordon of Leſmore, and



divers others were wounded on both ſides. The marquis of Huntly, and ſome other well diſpoſed friends made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay to the lady dowager of Rothemay 50,000 merks Scots in compenſation of the ſlaughter, which, as is ſaid, was truly paid...

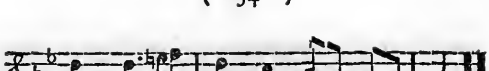
"Upon the 27th of September this year, Frendraught having in his company Robert Chrichton of Condlaw, and James Leſly ſon to the laird of Pitcaple, Chrichton ſhot Leſly through the arm, who was carried to his fathers houſe, and Frendraught put Chrichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to viſit the earl of Murray; and, in his return, came to the Bog of Gight, now Caſtle-Gordon, to viſit the marquis of Huntly; of which Pitcaple getting notice... conveens about 30 horſemen fully arm'd, and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be reveng'd of him for the hurt his ſon had got. He came to the marquis's houſe, October 7. Upon which the marquis wiſely deſired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would diſcourſe Pitcaple, who complained to him grievouſly of the harm he had done to his ſon, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The marquis did all he could to excuſe Frendraught, and ſatisfy Pitcaple, but to no purpoſe; and ſo he went away in a chaff, ſtill vowing revenge. The marquis communicated all that had paſſed to Frendraught, and kept him at his houſe a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but ſent his ſon John Gordon, viſcount of Melgum and Aboyne, with ſome others, as a ſafe-guard to him, until he ſhould be at home



(among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, ſon to him lately ſlain) left Pitcaple ſhould ly in ambuſh for him.

" They convoyed him ſafely home, and after dinner Aboyne preſſed earneſtly to return; and as earneſtly did Frendraught preſs him to ſtay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at laſt condeſcended to ſtay, though unwillingly. They were well entertained, ſupped merrily, and went to bed joyfull. The viſcount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, ſtanding upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and Engliſh Will, two of his ſervants, were laid beſide him. The laird of Rothemay, and ſome ſervants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the viſcount's ſervants; all of them lodged in that old tower, and all of them in rooms one above the other. All of them being at reſt, about midnight the tower takes fire, in ſo ſudden and furious a manner, that this noble lord, the laird of Rothemay, Engliſh Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being ſix in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief offer'd to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without ſo much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of thoſe mercileſs flames, as was reported.

" Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne's chamber, eſcaped, as ('tis ſaid) Aboyne might have done, if he had not ruſhed up ſtairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden paſſage, and the lofting of the room took fire, ſo that none of them could get down ſtairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help for God's ſake, the laird and lady



gloom, A - mong the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the ſwifteſt of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whaſe branches to the angry blaſt
Were ſoughing mournfullie:

He turn'd his e'en towards the path
That near the caſtle lay,
Where good lord John and Rothemay
Were rideing down the brae.

looking on; but all to no purpoſe. And finally, ſeeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themſelves to God, claſped in one another's embraces: And thus periſhed in thoſe mercileſs flames, the noble lord John Gordon, viſcount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This viſcount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but eſpecially by his father, mother and lady, who lived a melancholly and retired life all her time thereafter. And this was all the reward the marquis of Huntley got for his good-will to Frendraught, ſays my author Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye-witneſſes."

This ſir James Chrichton, laird of Frendraught, was, in 1642, created viſcount Frendraught. His lady was Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of John earl of Sutherland, and near couſin to the marquis of Huntly. In revenge for this treacherous and horrid act, the law not affording any redreſs, Frendraughts eſtates were repeatedly ravaged by the Gordons, and his cattle and ſheep ſlaughtered or ſold. Gordon adds: "The family of Frendraught was then a very opulent family; they had a great land-eſtate and much

Swift darts the eagle from the ſky,
When prey beneath is ſeen;
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa;

money; and after that it ſoon went to ruin, and was ſometime ago extinct."

The preſent ballad appears to have been ſuggeſted by one compoſed at the time, a few ſtanzas of which are fortunately remembered by the reverend Mr. Boyd, tranſlator of *Dante*, and were obligingly communicated to the editor, by his very ingenious and valuable friend J. C. Walker eſq.

The reek it roſe, and the flame it flew,
And oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to lord Johns chamber-window,
And to the bed where lord John lay.

O help me, help me, lady Frennet,
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father ſlew thy lord,
Forget the deed and reſcue me.

He looked eaſt, he looked weſt,
To ſee if any help was nigh;
At length his little page he ſaw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry.

Loup down, loup down, my maſter dear,
What though the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee.

How can I loup, you little page?
How can I leave this window hie?
Do you not ſee the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?

Some viſitors of gallant mein
Are haſting to the ha'.

Then round ſhe row'd her ſilken plaid,
Her feet ſhe did na ſpare,
Untill ſhe left the foreſt ſkirts
A lang bow-ſhot mair.

O where, O where, my good lord John,
O tell me where you ride?
Within my caſtle-wall this night
I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
In yonder bower to ſtay,
Saft eaſe ſhall teach you to forget
The hardneſs of the way.

Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you ken your huſband dear
Was by our father ſlain.

" There are ſome intermediate particulars," Mr. Boyd ſays, " reſpecting the lady's lodging her victims in a turret or flanker, which did not communicate with the caſtle. This," adds he, " I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other ſtanzas beſides the foregoing." The author of the original, we may perceive, either through ignorance or deſign, had deviated from the fact in ſuppoſing lady Frennets huſband to have been ſlain by lord Johns father; and perhaps alſo in repreſenting the two youths as brothers. The actual provocation appeare to have been the payment of the 50,000 merks, the price of Rothemays blood; which ſort of compenſation, Gordon has remarked, ſeems not to proſper, that family being then extinct.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
Your angry boſom ſwell;
Enraged you've ſworn that blood for blood
Should this black paſſion quell.

O fear not, fear not, good lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or ſue requittal for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.

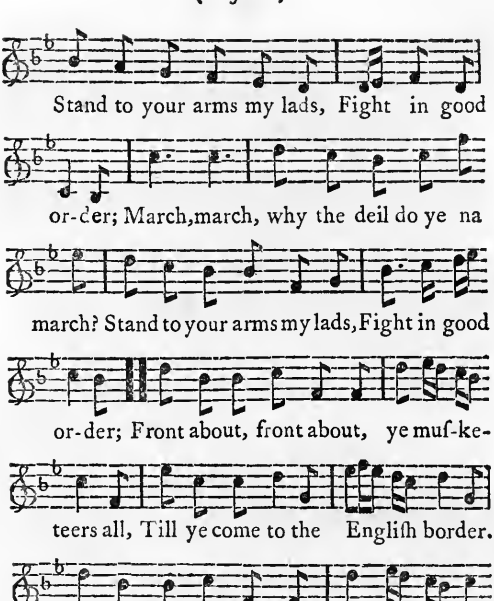
Bear witneſs, a' ye powers on high,
Ye lights that 'gin to ſhine,
This night ſhall prove the ſacred cord
That knits your faith and mine.

The lady ſlee, with honeyed words,
Entic'd thir youths to ſtay:
But morning ſun nere ſhone upon
Lord John nor Rothemay.

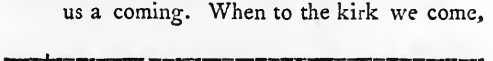
SONG IX.

GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR*.

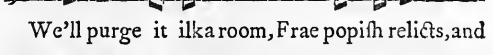
March, march, why the deil do ye na march?

* Alexander Leſly (created, in 1641, earl of Leven) invaded England at the head of the Scotiſh rebel army in 1640,

defeated a party of the kings troops, and took poſſeſſion of Newcaſtle. He afterward commanded the army ſent by the covenanters to the aſſiſtance of the parliament, and contributed greatly to the defeat of the royaliſts at Marſton (here meant by Longmaſton)-moor in Yorkſhire, 3d July 1644.

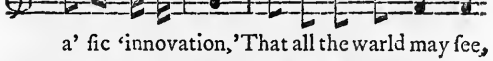
us a coming. When to the kirk we come,



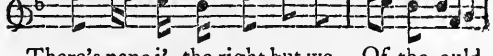
We'll purge it ilka room, Frae popiſh relicts, and



a' ſic 'innovation,' That all the warld may ſee,

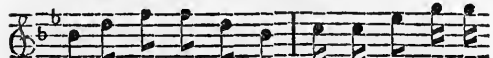


There's nane i' the right but we, Of the auld

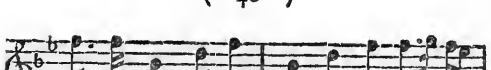


Scott-iſh nation. Jenny ſhall wear the hood,

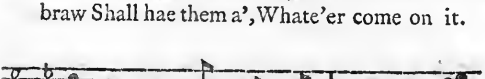
Jocky the ſark of God; And the kiſt fou of



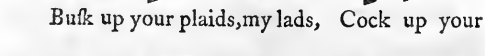
whiſtles, That make ſic a cleiro, Our pipers



braw Shall hae them a', Whate'er come on it.



Buſk up your plaids, my lads, Cock up your

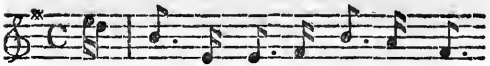


bonnets. *March, march, &c.*

SONG X.

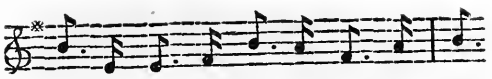
THE HAWS OF CROMDALE *.

As I came in by A-chen-down,

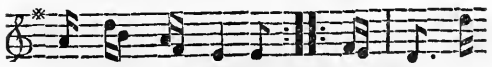


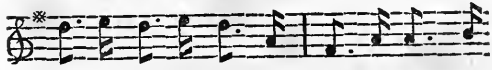
A lit-tle wee bit frae the town, When

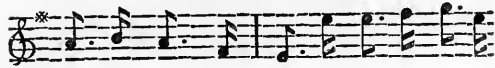
* No notice is taken of this battle in the hiſtory of Montroſe's wars, nor does any mention of it elſewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale (a village in Invernesſhire) was long after Montroſe's time.



to the highlands I was bown, To view



the haws of Crom-dale, I met a

man in tar-tan trews, I ſpier'd at him what



was the news; Quoth he, The highland army

rues That e'er we came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, ſir, every man,
When the Engliſh hoſt upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Engliſh horſe they were ſo rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly ſtood,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer ſtay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And ſore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montroſe did ſay,
Can you direct the neareſt way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not ſo ſtrong,
You ſcarcely have two thouſand men,
And there's twenty thouſand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montroſe did ſay,
I ſay, direct the neareſt way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And ſee the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montroſe upon them came,
A ſecond battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'kys,
Soon as Montroſe they did eſpy,
O then they fought moſt vehemently,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their ſtandard join,
M'Intoſh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors faught like lyons bold,
M'Pherſons, none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins faught like loyal ſouls,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

[M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.]

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Fraziers [fought] with ſword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

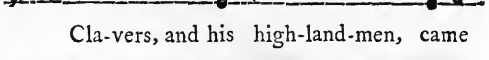
The loyal Stewarts, with Montroſe,
So boldly ſet upon their foes,
And brought them down with highland blows,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Of twenty thouſand Cromwells men,
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The reſt of them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

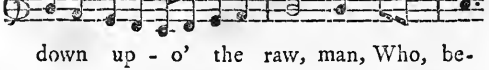
SONG XI.

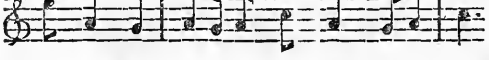
GILLICRANKIE*.

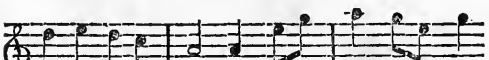
Cla-vers, and his high-land-men, came



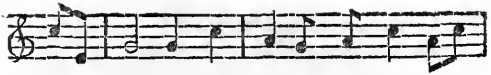
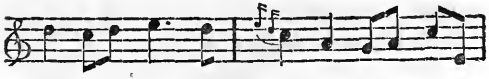
down up - o' the raw, man, Who, be-

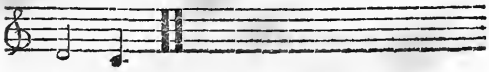


ing ſtout, gave mo - ny a clout, The lads

be-gan to claw then. With ſword and terge



in - to their hand, Wi' which they were

* The battle of Killikrankie was fought, at the paſs ſo called, on the 27th of July 1689, between the highland clans, under the command of James (Graham of Claverhouſe) viſcount Dundee, and a Dutch-Engliſh army commanded by general Mackay. The latter were almoſt inſtantaneously defeated, with a very inconſiderable loſs on the other ſide, if we except that of their gallant leader, who received a mortal wound under his arm, elevated in the act of encouraging his men to the purſuit. King James felt his loſs irretrievable.

nae ſlaw, man, Wi' mony a fear - ful

hea - vy ſigh, The lads be - gan to



claw then.

O'er buſh, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er ſtank,
She flang amang them a' man;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi' ſudden ſtraiks,
Which to their grief they ſaw man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur ſkipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The Engliſh blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their laſt hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them ſick a paw then.

The ſolemn league and covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought highland trews durſt not refuſe
For to ſubſcribe their bills then:
In Willie's * name they thought nae ane
Durſt ſtop their courſe at a', man;
But hur nane ſell, wi' mony a knock,
Cry'd, Furich-whiggs, awa', man.

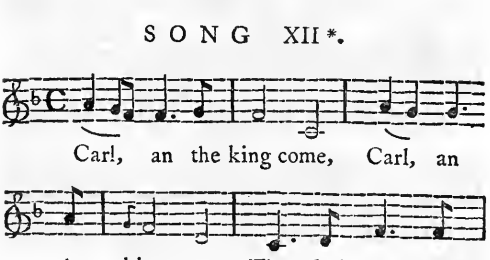
Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared ſuch,
They bred a horrid ſtink then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durſt withſtand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, oh' on a ri,
Why ſhould ſhe loſe king Shames, man?
Oh' rig in di, oh' rig in di,
She ſhall break a' her banes then;
With *furichiniſh*, an' ſtay a while,
And ſpeak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a ſtraike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

* Prince of Orange.

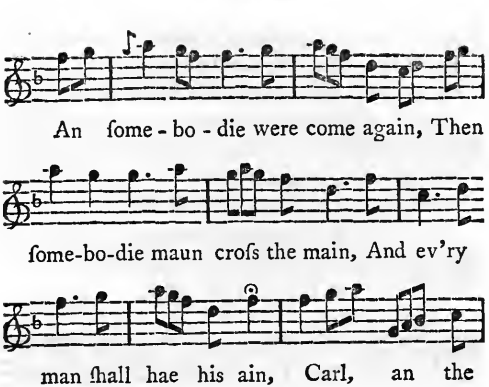
O fy for ſhame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-ſell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red-coats ſhould be hung up,
Becauſe they ran awa' then:
Had bent their brows, like highland trows,
And made as lang a ſtay, man,
They'd ſav'd their king, that ſacred thing,
And Willie'd ' run' awa' then.

SONG XII*.



* The exact age of this ſong has not been aſcertained; and perhaps it is here inſerted under too early a period. There are probably other words to this air, as the following ſtanza has been recovered by accident:

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And a gibbet's made to hang the whigs,
O then we will dance Scotiſh jigs,
Carle, an the king come.

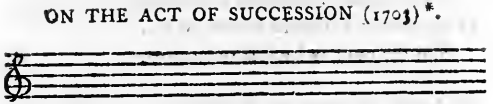


I trow we ſwapped for the worſe,
We gae the boot and better horſe;
And that we'll tell them at the croſs,
Carl, an the king come.

Coggie, an the king come,
Coggie, an the king come,
I'ſe be fou, and thou'ſe be toom,
Coggie, an the king come.

SONG XIII.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703)*.



I'll ſing you a ſong, my brave boys, The like you ne'er heard of before, Old Scotland at laſt is grown wiſe, And England ſhall bully no more.

Succeſſion, the trap for our ſlavery,
A true Preſbyterian plot,
Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
Is now kickt out by a vote.

* "The earl of Marchmont having one day preſented an act for ſettling the ſucceſſion in the houſe of Hanover, it was treated with ſuch contempt, that ſome propoſed it might be burnt, and others that he might be ſent to the caſtle, and was at laſt thrown out of the houſe by a plurality of fifty ſeven voices." Lockharts *Memoirs*, p. 60.

The Lutheran dame * may be gone,
Our foes ſhall addreſſe us no more,
If the treaty † ſhould never go on,
She for ever is kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
The Engliſh ſhall no more oppreſſe us,
There's ſomething in every mans view
That in due time we hope ſhall redreſſe us.

This hundred years paſt we have been
Dull ſlaves, and ne'er ſtrove to mend;
It came by an old barren queen,
And now we reſolve it ſhall end.

But grant the old woman ſhould come,
And England with treaties ſhould wooe us,
We'l clog her before ſhe comes home,
That ſhe ne'er ſhall have power to undoe us.

Then let us goe on and be great,
From parties and quarrells abſtain;
Let us Engliſh councills defeat,
And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redreſs'd,
Conſider, the power is our own;

* Sophia electreſs-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.
† For the union of the two kingdoms.

Let Scotland no more be oppreſs'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
Our anceſtors kept themſelves free;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare;
If they did ſo much, why not we?

Let Montroſs and Dundee be brought in
As latter examples before you;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke * then,
Who has the great labour begun,
He ſhall flouriſh, whilſt thoſe who forſook him
To Holland for ſhelter ſhall run.

Here's a health to thoſe that ſtood by him,
To Fletcher †, and all honeſt men;
Ne'er truſt the damnd rogues that belie 'em',
Since all our rights they maintain.

* James duke of Hamilton; able, ſpirited, and unſteady. He was killed 15.th Nov. 1712, in a duel with lord Mohun, and, as was thought, by general Macartney, that noblemans ſecond; he himſelf falling at the ſame time.

† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun eſquire; a warm and ſtrenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political diſcourſes.

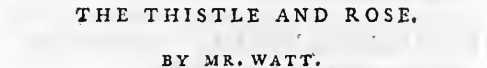
Once more to great Hamiltons health,
The hero that ſtill keeps his ground;
To him we muſt own all our wealth:—
Let the Chriſtian liquor go round.

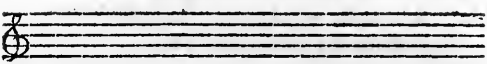
Let all the ſham tricks of the court,
That ſo often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the countries ſport,
And England ſhall fool us no more.

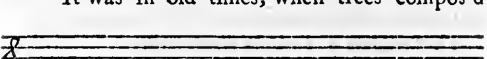
SONG XIV.

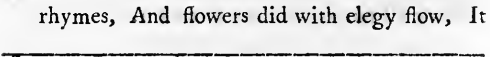
THE THISTLE AND ROSE.

BY MR. WATT.









In a ſun-ſhining day, the Roſe chanced to ſay,
Friend Thiſtle, I'll be with you plain,
And if you would be united to me,
You would ne'er be a Thiſtle again.

Says the Thiſtle, my ſpears defends mortals and fears,
Whilſt thou 'rt unguarded on the plain;
And I do ſuppoſe, tho' I were a Roſe,
I would long to be a Thiſtle again.

O friend, ſays the Roſe, you falſely ſuppoſe,
Bear witneſs, ye flowers of the plain!
You would take ſo much pleaſure, in beautys vaſt treaſure,
You would ne'er be a Thiſtle again.

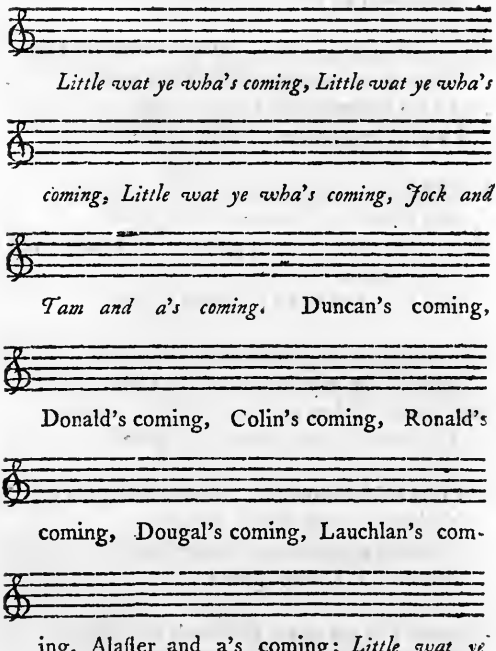
The Thiſtle at length, admiring the Roſe,
With all the gay flowers of the plain,
She throws off her points, herſelf ſhe anoints,
And now in cloſe Union ſhe's gone.

But in a cold ſtormy day, while heedleſs ſhe lay,
No longer could ſorrow refrain,
She fetched a groan, with many ohon,
O were I a Thiſtle again!

But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
Nor dare I preſume to complain;
But remember that I diſaſterly cry,
O were I a Thiſtle again!

SONG XV*.

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.



* The Chevaliers Muſter Roll, 1715.

wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
The Camrons and M'leans' coming
The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,
A' the Dunywaſtles * coming:
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gilvrey of Drumglaſs is coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithſdale's coming,
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foſter's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming †:
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intoſh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,

* *i. e.* Highland lairds or gentlemen; *Dhuine uaſal.*

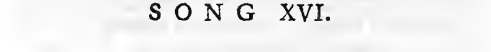
† Theſe are the earls of Wigton, Nithiſdale and Carnwarth, the viſcount Kenmure, the earl of Derwentwater, Thomas Foſter eſquire, member of parliament for Northumberland, and commander in chief of the Chevaliers Engliſh army, the earl of Widdrington, and the lord Nairn: the other names are either thoſe of particular clans, or ſuch as are applicable to all.

The M'Kenzies and M'Pherſons' coming,
A' the wild M'Craws' coming:
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

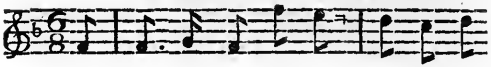
They gloom, they glowr, they look ſae big,
At ilka ſtroke they'll fell a whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming:
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

SONG XVI.

SHERIFF-MUIR.*

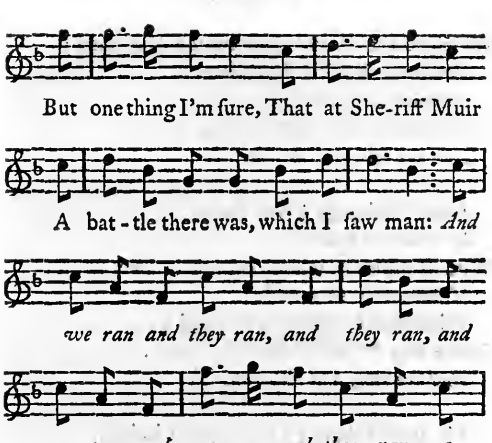


There's ſome ſay that we wan, Some ſay that



they wan, Some ſay that nane wan at a' man;

* The battle of Dumblain or Sheriff-muir was fought the 13th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government. Both ſides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preſton, it is very remarkable, happened on the ſame day.



Brave Argyle * and Belhaven†,
Not like frighted Leven‡,

* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much reſpected by all parties: dyed 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven; ſerved as a volunteer; and had the command of a troop of horſe raiſed by the county of Haddington: periſhed at ſea, 1721.

‡ David (Leſly) earl of Leven; for the government.

Which Rothes * and Haddington † ſa' man;
For they all with Wightman ‡
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being ra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh § was there,
In order to ſhare
With Douglas ||, who ſtood not in awe, man,
Volunteerly to ramble
With lord Loudoun Campbell ¶,
Brave Ilay ** did ſuffer for a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw ††, that great knight,
With broad-ſword moſt bright,
On horſeback he briſkly did charge, man;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He ſtoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Leſly) earl of Rothes; for the government.
† Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.
‡ Major general Joſeph Wightman.
§ John (Ker) firſt duke of Roxburgh; for the government.
|| Archibald (Douglas) duke of Douglas.
¶ Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudoun.
** Archibald earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle. He was dangerouſly wounded.
†† An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

For the cowardly Whittam*,
For fear they ſhould cut him,
Seeing glittering broad-ſwords with a pa', man,
And that in ſuch thrang,
Made Baird edicang†,
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar ‡ aud Panmure ||
Were firm I am ſure,
The latter was kidnapt awa' man,
With briſk men about,
Brave Harry § retook
His brother, and laught at them a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Major-general Thomas Whitham.

† i. e. *aid du camp.*

‡ John (Erſkine) earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevaliers army; a nobleman of great ſpirit, honour and abilities. He dyed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

|| James (Maule) earl of Panmure; dyed at Paris, 1723.

§ Honorable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumſtance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mars printed account of the engagement: "The priſoners taken by us were very civilly uſed, and none of them ſtript. Some were allow'd to return to Sterling upon their parole, &c... The few priſoners taken by the enemy on our Left were moſt of them ſtript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being firſt of the priſoners wounded after taken. They having refuſed his parole, he was left in a village, and by the haſty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was reſcu'd by his brother and his ſervants."

Grave Marſhall * and Lithgow †,
And Glengarys ‡ pith too,
Aſſiſted by brave Loggia-man ||,
And Gordons the bright
So boldly did fight,
The redcoats took flight and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore § and Clanronald ¶
Cry'd ſtill, Advance, Donald!
Till both theſe heroes did fa', man **;

* George (Keith) earl Mariſchall, then a youth at college. He dyed at his government of Neufchatel in 177.. His brother, the celebrated marſhall Keith, was with him in this battle.

† James (Livingſton) earl of Calendar and Linlithgow: attainted.

‡ Alexander M'Donald of Glengary, laird of a clan; a brave and ſpirited chief: attainted.

|| Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

§ John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore; "a man of good parts, of a moſt amiable diſpoſition and character."

¶ Ranald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or abſence.

** "We have loſt to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan-Ranald." Earl of Mars Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account: "We cann't find above 60 of our men in all kill'd, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, "for his good parts and gentle accompliſhments, was look'd upon as the moſt gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans... He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

For there was ſuch haſhing,
And broad ſwords a claſhing,
Brave Forfar * himſelf got a cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth † ſtood the ſtorm,
eaforth ‡ but lukewarm,
Kilſyth || and Strathallan § not ſla,' man;
And Hamilton ¶ pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

His ſervant who lay on the field watching his dead body, being aſked next day who that was, anſwered, He was a man yeſterday. Boſwells *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

* Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the dukes army. He is ſaid to have been ſhot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broad ſwords. He dyed a few days after of his wounds.

† James marquis of Drummond, ſon of James (Drummond) duke of Perth, was lieutenant general of horſe, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but eſcaped to France, where he ſoon after dyed.

‡ William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and dyed in 1740.

|| William (Livingſton) viſcount Kilſyth: attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viſcount Strathallan; whoſe ſenſe of loyalty could ſcarcely equal the ſpirit and activity he manifeſted in the cauſe. He was taken priſoner in this battle, which he ſurvived to periſh in the ſtill more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

¶ Lieutenant general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

Brave generous Southeſk *,
Tilebairn † was briſk,
Whoſe father indeed would not dra', man,
Into the ſame yoke,
Which ſerv'd for a cloak,
To keep the eſtate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo ‡ not fear'd,
Kintore ‖ and his beard,
Pitſligo § and Ogilvie ¶ a', man,
And brothers Balfours **,
They ſtood the firſt ſhow'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh †† did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* James (Carnegie) earl of Southeſk; was attainted, and, eſcaping to France, dyed there in 1729.

† William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldeſt ſon to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at ſea in 1746, and dyed ſoon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

‡ Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo; "a man of ſingular merit and great integrity:" dyed in 1758.

‖ William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

§ Alexander (Forbes) lord Pitſligo; "a man of good parts, great honour and ſpirit, and univerſally beloved and eſteemed." He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and dyed at an advanced age in 1762.

¶ James lord Ogilvie, eldeſt ſon of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterward pardoned. His father, *not dra'ing into the ſame yoke*, ſaved the eſtate.

** Some relations it is ſuppoſed of the lord Burleigh.

†† Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and dyed in 1757.

But Cleppan * acted pretty,
And Strowan the witty †,
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhime,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly ‡ and Sinclair ||,
They both plaid the tinclair,
With consciences black like a cra', man.
Some Angus and Fifemen
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traytor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king and his countrie and a', man,

* Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

† Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, dyed in peace 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

‡ Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntley, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who according to the usual policy of his country, (of which we here meet with several other instances) remained neutral. See Humes History, vol. p.

|| John Sinclair esq. commonly called master of Sinclair eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and dyed in 1750. The estate was preserved of course.

Pretending Mar might
Give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man †.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummonds beſt horſe and awa', man,
Inſtead of going to Perth,
He croſſed the Firth,
Alongſt Stirling-bridge and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* "There was at this time a report prevail'd that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deſerter from he duke Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a ſpy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid de camp, to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality, attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, ſent this Drummond with orders to general Hammilton, who commanded on the rebels, left to attack the enemy briſkly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend gave contrary orders, and intelligence to general Hammilton, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and deſiring the general to retire with all the expedition poſſible, and in the beſt order he could. Upon which general Hammiiton gave orders to ſlacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the dukes right approaching the moſt of them gave way without ſtriking a ſtroke, and thoſe who ſtood were moſtly gentlemen and officers, who were ſeverely gall'd by the duke; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke." Campbells *Life of John Duke of Argyle*. p. 204.

To London he preſs'd,
And there he addreſs'd,
That he behav'd beſt of them a', man;
And there without ſtrife
Got ſettled for life,
An hundred a year to his fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran &c.

In Borrowſtounneſs
He reſides with diſgrace,
Till his neck ſtand in need of a dra', man,
And then in a tether
He'll ſwing from a ladder,
[And] go off the ſtage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy * ſtood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty for ought that I ſa', man,

* " Among other cauſes of the rebels misfortune in that day they reckon the part *Rob Roy*, *M. Gregor*, acted to be one; this *Rob Roy*, or [*Red*] *Robert*, was brother to the laird of *M. Gregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's abſence, but in the day of battle he kept his men together at ſome diſtance without allowing them to engage, tho' they ſhow'd all the willingneſs immaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was it ſeems the chief of his deſign of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lye upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exerciſed their talents that way pretty much in a kind of

For he ne'er advanc'd
From the place he was ſtanc'd,
Till no more to do there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
And Moubray the wright;
But Letham the ſmith was a bra' man,
For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra'; man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whoſe breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa' man,

thieving war he carried on againſt the duke of Montroſe, who had as he alledged cheated him of a ſmall feudal eſtate." Campbells *Life of J. D. of Argyle.* p. 205.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the hiſtorian would not tell us, had aſſumed the ſurname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more ſurpriſing as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When deſired by one of his own officers to go and aſſiſt his friends, he is reported to have ſaid, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable however that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for ſome years after, and committed great depredations in the ſhires of Dumbarton, and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montroſe's lands, defeating ſeveral detachments ſent to reduce him." Boyſe's *Hiſtory of the Rebellion.* He is in the number of thoſe attainted by parliament.

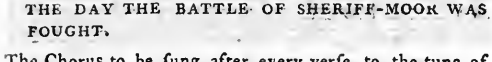
By ſaving his neck
His trumpet did break,
Came off without muſick at a', man*.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there ſuch a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chaſe was at a', man;
From other they 'run'
Without touk of drum;
They did not make uſe of a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.

SONG XVII.

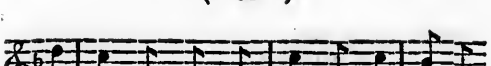
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND TOM. CLEAN-COGUE, TWA SHEPHERDS WHA WERE FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-HILLS ON THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MOOR WAS FOUGHT.

The Chorus to be ſung after every verſe, to the tune of the Camerons March.

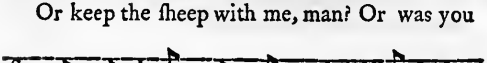


W. Pray came you here the fight to ſhun;

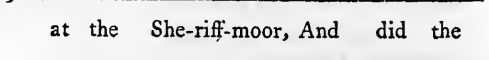
* The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is ſuppoſed to be the ſame *John M'Lean, trumpet*, who was ſent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October. Vide *Original letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."



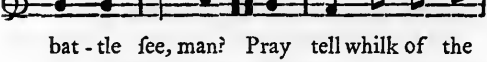
Or keep the ſheep with me, man? Or was you



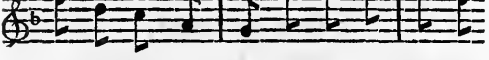
at the She-riff-moor, And did the



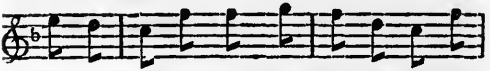
bat - tle ſee, man? Pray tell whilk of the



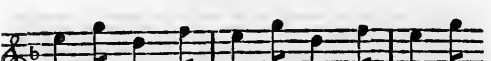
parties won? For well I wat I ſaw them



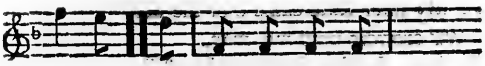
run, Both ſouth and north, when they be-gun, To



pell and mell, and kill and fell, with muſkets



ſnell, and piſtols knell, And ſome to hell, Did



flee man. La la la la la, &c.

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna ſtill,
Whilk o' the twa did loſe, man;
For well I wat they had good ſkill
To ſet upo' their foes, man:
The red-coats they are train'd, you ſee,
The clans always diſdain to flee,
Wha then ſhould gain the victory?
But the highland race, all in a brace,
With a ſwift pace, to the whigs diſgrace,
Did put to chace
Their foes, man.

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true?
I ſaw the chace gae North, man.
T. But well I wat they did purſue
Them even unto Forth, man:
Frae Dumblain they ran in my own ſight,
And got o'er the budge with all their might,
And thoſe at Stirling took their flight;
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had ſeen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die
Wi' ſloth, man.

W. My ſiſter Kate came o'er the hill,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man,
She ſwore ſhe ſaw them running ſtill
Frae Perth unto Dundee man.
The left wing gen'ral had na ſkill,
The Angus lads had no good will
That day their neighbours blood to ſpill;
For fear by foes that they ſhould loſe
Their cogues of broſe, all crying woes,
Yonder them goes,
D'ye ſee, man?

T. I ſee but few like gentlemen
Amang you frighted crew, man;
I fear my lord Panmure be ſlain,
Or that he's ta'en juſt now, man:
For tho' his officers obey,
His cowardly commons run away,
For fear the red-coats them ſhould ſlay;
The ſodgers hail make their hearts fail,
See how they ſcale, and turn their tail,
And rin to flail
And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again,
Into the ſecond fight, man;
They ſwear they'll either dye or gain,
No foes ſhall them affright, man:
Argyles beſt forces they'll withſtand,
And boldly fight them ſword in hand,
Give them a general to command,

A man of might, that will but fight,
And take delight to lead them right,
And ne'er deſire
The flight, man.

But Flandrekins they have no ſkill
To lead a Scottiſh force, man;
Their motions do our courage ſpill,
And put us to a loſs, man.
You'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack like Highland trews,
To haſh, and ſlaſh, and ſmaſh and bruiſe,
Till the field tho' braid be all o'erſpread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpſe that's dead
In their cold bed,
That's moſs man.

T. Twa gen'rals frae the field did run,
Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;
They cry'd and run grim death to ſhun,
Thoſe heroes of the North, man *:
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than under Mars to lead on men,
Ere they came there they might well ken

* "They [*i. e.* the Inſurgents] reckon'd likewiſe that ſome Noblemen, and Chiefs from the North did not act ſo honeſt a part, or at leaſt did not ſhew ſo much courage as the zeal they expreſs'd for the cauſe required." Campbells *Life of J. D. of Argyle*, p. 205.

That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
'Tis Highland brands that countermands
Argathlean bands
Frae Forth, man.

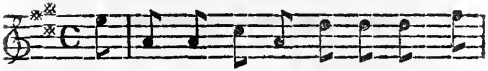
W. The Camerons ſcow'r'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours cows, man.
M'kenzie and the Stewart fled,
Without phil'beg or trews, man:
Had they behav'd like Donalds core,
And kill'd all thoſe came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more:
Then each whig ſaint wad ſoon repent,
And ſtrait recant his covenant,
And rent
It at the news, man.

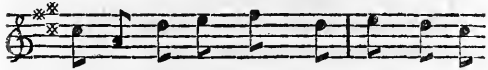
T. M'Gregors they far off did ſtand,
Badenach and Athol too, man;
I hear they wanted the command,
For I believe them true, man.
Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horſe,
Stood motionleſs, and ſome did worſe,
For, tho' the red-coats went them croſs,
They did conſpire for to admire
Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
While rights intire
Purſue, man.

W. But Scotland has not much to ſay,
For ſuch a fight as this is,

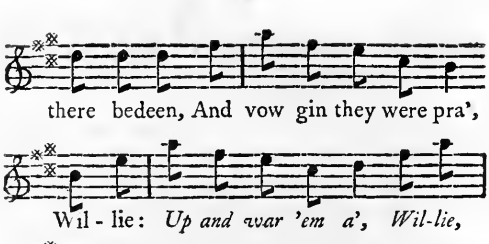
Where baith did fight, baith run away,
The devil take the miſs is
That ev'ry officer was not ſlain
That run that day, and was not ta'en,
Either flying from or to Dumblain;
When Whig and Tory, in their 'fury,'
Strove for glory, to our ſorrow
The ſad ſtory
Huſh is.

SONG XVIII.

UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.

When we went to the field of war, And

to the wea-pon ſhaw, Wil-lie, With true de-

ſign to ſtand our ground, And chace our faes

a-wa', Wil-lie, Lairds and lords came



And when our army was drawn up,
The braveſt e'er I ſaw, Willie,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willie:
Pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when our ſtandard was ſet up,
So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
The golden knop down from the top,
Unto the ground did fa', Willie:
Then ſecond-ſighted Sandy ſaid,
We'll do nae good at a', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', Willie,

And there the greateſt ſlaughter made
That e'er poor Tonald ſaw, Willie.
Up and war, &c.

Firſt when they ſaw our Highland mob,
They ſwore they'd ſlay us a', Willie;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And ſo did rin awa', Willie:
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order ſaw, Willie,
He ſtraight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willie:
Thus we taught them the better gate,
To get a better fa', Willie.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willie:
But gin ye ſpear wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I ſaw, Willie:
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
So there's my canty Highland ſang,
About the thing I ſaw, Willie *.

* The copies of this and the preceding ſong, inſerted in Johnſons *Scots Muſical Muſeum*, contain great variations.

SONG XIX.

TRANENT-MUIR*.

BY MR. SKIRVIN.

Tune, *Gillicrankie.*

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birſle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did ſtent,
As faſt as he could gae, man:
While general Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel†, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;

* A field of battle, better known by the name of Preſton-pans, where prince Charles Stewart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the Engliſh forces, under the command of ſir John Cope, who was afterward tryed by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is ſaid to have left the field in ſuch haſte that he never once ſtopped his horſe, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is ſeven or eight miles off. This action happened Sep. 22d 1745.

† Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the moſt amiable diſpoſition. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and dyed in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful maſter had procured him, as a ſmall reward and compenſation for his great ſervices and misfortunes, ... 1748.

The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with deviliſh thuds, man:
Down guns they threw, and ſwords they drew
And ſoon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons ſwore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they ſee,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror ſeiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, ſome fyl'd their breeks,
And ſome for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouſe, man;
But when the bairns ſaw't turn to earn'ſt,
They were not worth a louſe man;
Maiſt feck gade hame; O fy for ſhame!
They'd better ſtay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith * the great, when herſell ſhit,
Un'wares did ding him o'er man;

* The miniſter of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening, to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander eaſing nature at Preſton, threw him over, and carryed his gun as a trophy to Copes camp.

Yet wad nae ſtand to bear a hand,
But aff ſou faſt did ſcour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he ſtood ſtill,
Before he taſted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his ſwift nag,
That bare him aff ſae fleet, man.

And Simpſon * keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never ſtrive wi' piſtols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of ſight man;
And thought it beſt; it was nae jeſt
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangſt a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie † ſtaid,
And ſair he paid the kain, man;
Fell ſkelps he got, was war than ſhot
Frae the ſharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a ſpout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

* Another volunteer Preſbyterian miniſter, who ſaid he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his piſtols; having, for that purpoſe, two in his pockets, two in his holſters, and one in his belt.

† Mr. Myrie was a ſtudent of phyſic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Copes army, and was miſerably mangled by the broad-ſwords

But Gard'ner * brave did ſtill behave,
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That ſtill deſpiſed flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cauſe,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy ſoul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horſe being ſhot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Iriſh birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainſaid, man.

* James Gardiner, colonel of regiment of horſe. This gentlemans conduct, however celebrated, does not ſeem to have proceeded ſo much from the generous ardour of a noble and heroic mind, as from a ſpirit of religious enthuſiaſm, and a bigoted reliance on the Preſbyterian doctrine of predeſtination, which rendered it a matter of perfect indifference whether he left the field or remained in it. Being deſerted by his troop, he was killed by a highlander, with a Lochaber ax.

Colonel Gardiner, having, when a gay young man, at Paris, made an aſſignation with a lady, was, as he pretended, not only deterred from keeping his appointment, but thoroughly reclaimed from all ſuch thoughts in future, by an apparition. See his Life by Doddridge.

He made ſick haſte, ſae ſpur'd his beaſt,
'Twas little there he ſaw, man;
To Berwick rade, and ſafely ſaid,
The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His uſe and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell dreſt, amang the reſt,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With piſtols ſet before, man;
The cauſe was good, he'd ſpend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a ſoger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at laſt he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his laſt breath,
(Some ſtanding round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God ſave the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to purſue, man,

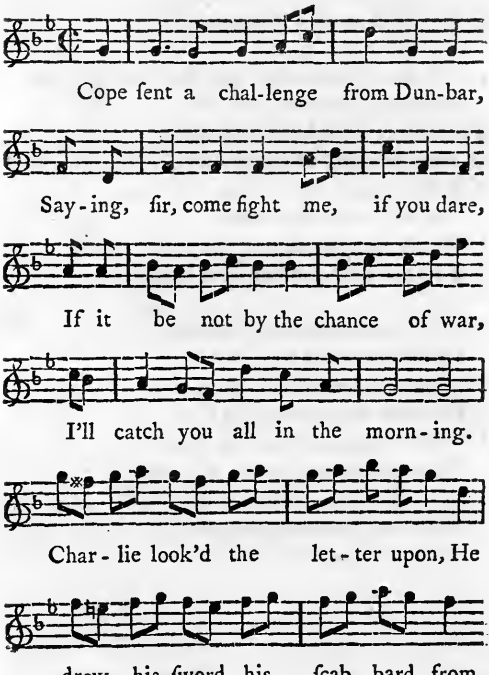
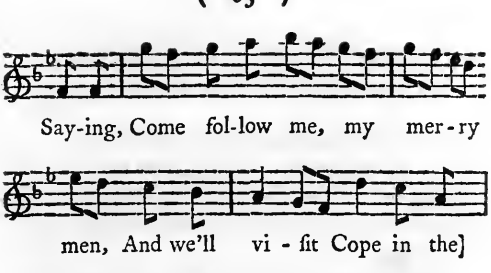
About they fac'd, and in great haſte
  Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
  Are deck'd wi' ſpoils of war, man;
How bald can tell how her nainſell
  Was ne'er ſae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may ſee
  Beweſt the meadow-mill, man,
There mony ſlain lay on the plain,
  The clans purſuing ſtill, man.
Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
  I never ſaw the like, man;
Loſt hands and heads coſt them their deads,
  That fell near Preſton-dyke man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
  I gaed to ſee the fray, man;
But had I wiſt what after paſt,
  I'd better ſtaid away man:
On Seaton ſands, wi' nimble hands,
  They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wiſh ne'er to drie ſick fear,
  For a' the ſum and mair, man.

SONG XX.

COPE, ARE YOU WAKING YET?

Tune of, *Fy to the hills in the morning.*



My merry men, come follow me,
For now's the time I'll let you ſee,
What a happy nation this will be,
And we'll viſit Cope in the morning.

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you ſleeping? I would wit;
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With ſword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they viſited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
'Twas when they ſaw the Highland-lads,

They ran to the hills as if they were calves,
And ſcour'd off early in the morning.

For all your bombs, and your bomb-ſhells,
'Tis when they ſaw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills like frighted wolves,
All purſued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzzas,
Cries, Cope, are you quite awa?
Bide a little, and ſhake a pa,
And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,
They aſk'd him where was all his men;
The pox on me if I do ken,
For I left them all this morning *.

* VARIATION.

JOHNY COUP.

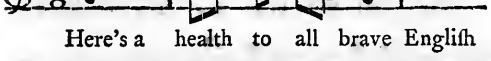
Coup ſent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
Hey Johny Coup, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were waking I wou'd wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his ſword the ſcabbard from,

SONG XXI.

THE CLANS.

Tune, *The Campbels are coming.*

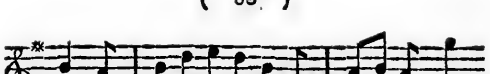


Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Jonnie Coup i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup are ye waking yet, &c.

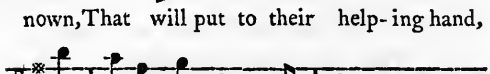
Now, Jonnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and ſword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chas'd frae it's neſt in the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

When Jonnie Coup he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiſs
To hae a horſe in readineſs,
To flie awa' i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

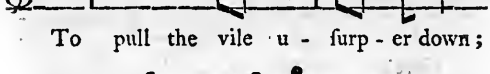
Fy now Jonnie get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
It's beſt to ſleep in a hale ſkin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.



nown, That will put to their help-ing hand,



To pull the vile u - surp - er down;



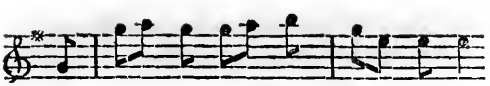
For our brave Scots are all on foot,

When Jonnie Coup to Dunbar came,
They ſpear'd at him, where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

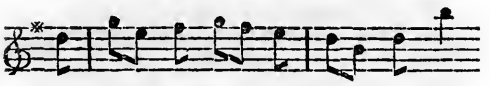
Now, Jonnie, trouth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in ſic a ſtrait,
So early in the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Ah! faith, co' Jonnie, I got a fleg,
With their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again deil, break my legs,
So I wiſh you a good morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

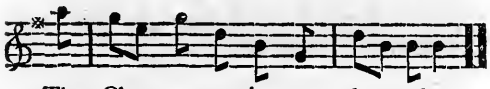
In Johnſons "Scots Muſical Muſeum," Edin. 1787, &c. is a copy differing very much from both. One would wiſh to know the original, which, perhaps, is now impoſſible.



Pro - claim - ing loud where e'er they go,



With ſound of trum-pet, pipe and drum,



The Clans are com-ing, o - ho, o-ho.

To ſet our king upon the throne,
Not church nor ſtate to overthrow,
As wicked preachers falſely tell,
The clans are coming, oho, oho.
Therefore forbear ye canting crew,
Your bugbear tales are about for ſhew;
The want of ſtipends is your fear,
And not the clans, oho, oho.

We will protect both church and ſtate,
Tho' they be held our mortal foe;
And when Hanover's to the gait,
You'll bleſs the clans, oho, oho.
Corruption, brib'ry, breach of law,
This was your cant ſome time ago,

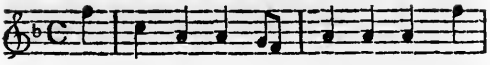
Which did expoſe both court and king,
And rais'd our clans, oho, oho.

Rouz'd like a lyon from his den,
When he thought on his country's woe,
Our brave protector Charles did come,
With all his clans, oho, oho.
Theſe lions for their country's cauſe,
And nat'ral prince were never ſlow;
So now they come with their brave prince,
The clans advance, oho, oho.

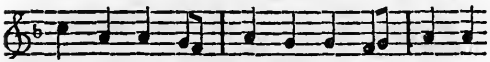
And now the clans have drawn their ſwords,
They vow revenge againſt them a',
That do lift up th' uſurper's arms,
To fight againſt our king and law.
Then God preſerve our royal king,
And his dear ſons, the lovely twa,
And ſet him on his father's throne,
And bleſs his ſubjects great and ſma'.

SONG XXII.

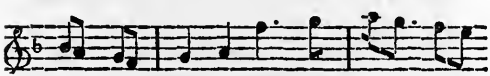
THE WHITE COCKADE.



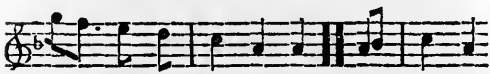
My love was born in A-berdeen, The



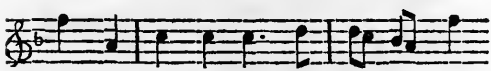
bo-nieſt land that e'er was ſeen, But now he



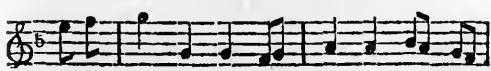
makes our heart fu' ſad, He takes the



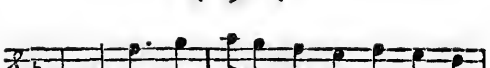
field wi' his white cockade. O he's a



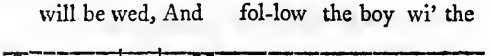
rant-ing, rov-ing lad, He is a briſk



an' a bon-ny lad, Be-tide what may, I



will be wed, And fol-low the boy wi' the



white cockade.

I'll ſell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray mare, and hawkit cow,
To buy myſel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
Cho. O he's a ranting roving lad, &c.

SONG XXIII.

IN HONOUR OF THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE*.

Tune, *Katherine Ogie.*

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,
Who boaſt ſuch loud bravadoes,
And ſwear you'll tame, with ſword and flame,
The Highland deſperadoes,
Attend my verſe, whilſt I rehearſe
Your modern deeds of glory,

* Thomas Pattiſon eſq. This city ſurrendered to the chevalier the 15th of November, 1745; and was retaken by the duke of Cumberland, on the 31ſt of December following.—See the tune, vol. i. p. 15.

And tell how Cope, the nations hope,
Did beat the rebel tory.

With ſword and targe, in dreadful rage,
The mountain-ſquires deſcended;
They cut and hack,—alack! alack!—
The battle ſoon was ended:
And happy he who firſt could flee;
Both ſoldiers and commanders
Swore in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

Some loſt their wits, ſome fell in fits,
Some ſtuck in bogs and ditches;
Sir John, aghaſt, like light'ning paſt,
Diſcharging in his breeches.
The blew-cap lads, with belted plaids,
Syne ſcamper'd o'er the border,
And bold Carliſle, in humble ſtile,
Obey'd their leaders order.

O Pattiſon! ohon! ohon!
Thou figure of a mayor!
Thou bleſs'd thy lot, thou wert no Scot,
And bluſter'd like a player:
What haſt thou done, with ſword or gun,
To baffle the pretender?
Of mouldy cheeſe and bacon-greaſe
Thou much more fit defender.

Of front of braſs, and brain of aſs,
With heart of hare compounded;
How are thy boaſts repaid with coſts,
And all thy pride confounded!
Thou need'ſt not rave leſt Scotland crave
Thy kindred or thy favour,
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour.

SONG XXIV.

Tune, *The clans are coming, obo! obo!**.

LET mournful Britons now deplore
The horrors of Drummoſſie-day;
Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
The clans are all away, away.
The clemency ſo late enjoy'd,
Converted to tyrannic ſway,
Our laws and friends at once deſtroy'd,
And forc'd the clans away, away.

His fate thus doom'd, the Scotiſh race
To tyrants laſting pow'r a prey,
Shall all thoſe troubles never ceaſe?
Why went the clans away, away?
Brave ſons of Mars, no longer mourn,
Your prince abroad will make no ſtay;

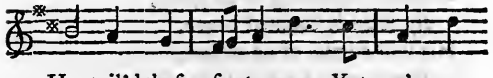
* See before, p. 85.

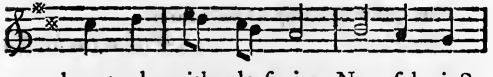
You'll bleſs the hour of his return,
And ſoon revenge Drummoſſie-day.

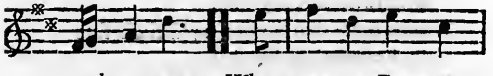
SONG XXV.

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN ESQ.

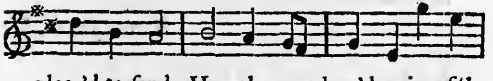
A hoar-y ſwain, in - ur'd to care,



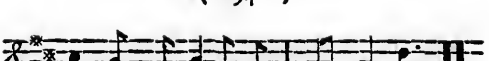
Has toil'd theſe ſix-ty years, Yet ne'er was

haunt-ed with de-ſpair, Nor ſub - ject



much to tears ; What - e - ver Fortune



pleas'd to ſend, He al - ways hop'd a joy-fúl



end, *With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.*

He ſees a champion of renown,
Loud in the blaſt of fame,
For ſafety ſcouring up and down,
Uncertain of his aim;
For all his ſpeed, a ball from gun
Could faſter fly than he could run.
With a fa, la, &c.

Another, labouring to be great,
By ſome is counted brave,
His will admits of no debate,
Pronounc'd with look ſo grave;
Yet 'tis believ'd he is found out
Not quite ſo truſty as he's ſtout.
With a fa, la, &c.

An action well contriv'd, of late,
Illuſtrates this my tale,
Where theſe two heroes try'd their fate
In Fortune's fickle ſcale;
Where 'tis ſurmis'd they wiſely fought,
In concert with each others thought.
With a fa, la, &c.

But firſt they knew that mountaineers,
(As apt to fight as eat)

Who once could climb the hills like deers,
Now fainted without meat;
While Engliſh hearts, their hunger ſtanch,
Grew valiant as they cramm'd their paunch.
With a fa, la, &c.

Thus fortify'd with beef and ſleep,
They waddling fought their foes,
Who ſcarce their eyes awake could keep,
Far leſs diſtribute blows;
To whom we owe the fruits of this,
Inſpect who will, 'tis not amiſs.
With a fa, la, &c

Tho' we be ſorely now oppreſt,
By numbers driv'n from home,
Yet Fortune's wheel may turn at laſt,
And Juſtice back may come;
In providence we'll put our truſt,
Which ne'er abandons quite the juſt.
With a fa, la, &c.

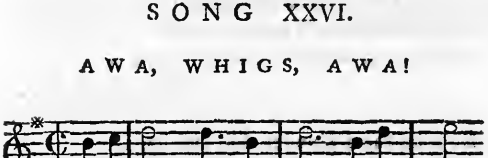
Ev'n let them plunder, kill and burn,
And on our vitals prey,
We'll hope for Charles's ſafe return,
As juſtly ſo we may;
The laws of God and man declare
The ſon ſhould be the father's heir.
With a fa, la, &c

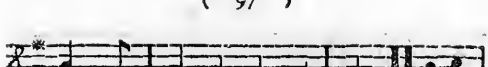
Let wretches, fluſter'd with revenge,
  Dream they can conquer hearts,
The ſteddy mind will never change,
  'Spite of their cruel arts:
We ſtill have woods, and rocks, and men,
What they pull down to raiſe again.
With a fa, la, &c.

And now let's fill the healing cup,
  Enjoin'd in ſacred ſong,
To keep the ſinking ſpirits up,
  And make the feeble ſtrong;
How can the ſprightly flame decline,
That always is upheld by wine?
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

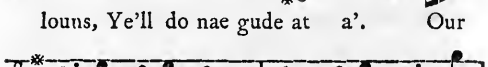
SONG XXVI.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

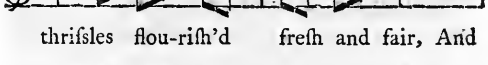




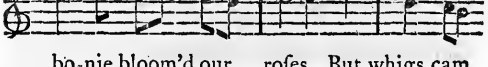
louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our



thriſsles flou-riſh'd freſh and fair, And

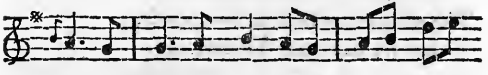


bo-nie bloom'd our roſes, But whigs cam



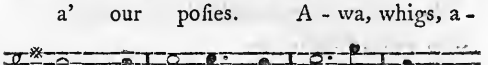
like a froſt in June, And wi - ther'd

Cho.

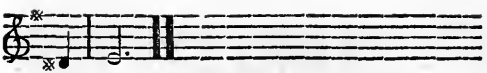


a' our poſies. A - wa, whigs, a -

wa! A - wa, whigs, a - wa! Ye're but a



pack o' trai-tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude



at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the duſt,
Deil blin' them wi' the ſtoure o't;
And write his name in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't.
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

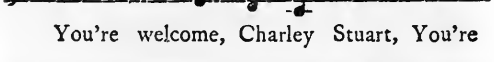
Our ſad decay in church and ſtate
Surpaſſes my deſcriving;
The whigs cam o'er us for a curſe,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may ſee him wauken:
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Cho. Awa, whigs, &c.

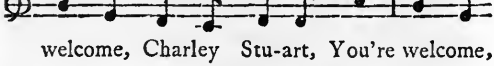
SONG XXVII

WELCOME, CHARLEY STUART

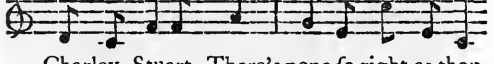
You're welcome, Charley Stuart, You're



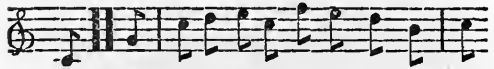
welcome, Charley Stu-art, You're welcome,



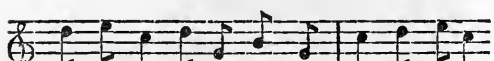
Charley Stuart, There's none ſo right as thou



art. Had I the power to my will, I'd make



thee famous by my quill, Thy foes I'd ſcatter,



take, and kill, From Billingsgate to Du-art.

You're wel-come, &c.

Thy ſympathizing complaiſance
Made thee believe intriguing France;
But woe is me for thy miſchance,
Which ſaddens every heart.
You're welcome, &c.

Hadſt thou Culloden battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been, with ſword and gun,
By Lockhart and ſuch cowards.
You're welcome, &c.

Kind providence, to thee a friend,
A lovely maid did timely ſend,
To ſave thee from a fearful end,
Thou charming Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray
That ſhe and we may ſee the day,
When Britons all with joy ſhall ſay,
You're welcome Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Tho' Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirſt and hunger after blood,
Juſt heaven will preſerve the good,
To fight for Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

'Whene'er', I take a glaſs of wine,
I drink confuſion to the Swine,*
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

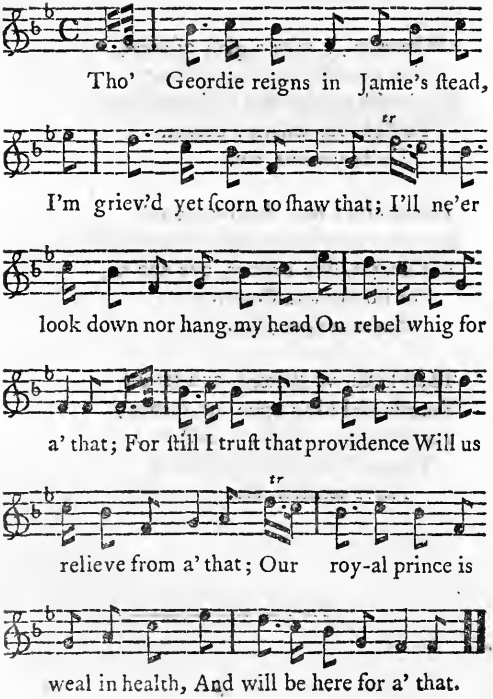
The miniſtry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Then haſte, ye Britons, and ſet on
Your lawful king upon the throne;
To Hanover we'll drive each one
Who will not fight for Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

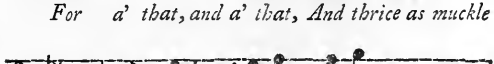
* The duke of Cumberland.

SONG XXVIII.

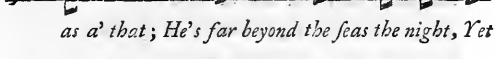
Tune, *For a' that.*



For a' that, and a' that, And thrice as muckle



as a' that; He's far beyond the ſeas the night, Yet



he'll be here for a' that.

He's far beyond Dumblain the night,
Whom I love weel for a' that;
He wears a piſtol by his ſide,
That makes me blyth for a' that;
The highland coat, the philabeg,
The tartan hoſe, and a' that;
And tho' he's o'er the ſeas the night,
He'll ſoon be here for a' that.
'For' a' that, &c.

He wears a broadſword by his ſide,
And weell he kens to draw that,
The target and the highland plaid,
The ſhoulder-belt, and a' that;
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a' that;

And tho' beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.
'For' a' that, &c.

The whigs think a that weal is won,
But faith they ma' na' fa' that;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.*
For a' that, &c.

But O what will the whigs ſay ſyne,
When they're miſta'en in a' that,
When Geordie mun fling by the crown,
His hat and wig, and a' that?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they 've done a' that;†
Our highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.
'For' a' that, &c.

* Half of this ſtanza ſeems to be wanting.

† Alluding, perhaps, to a whimſical practice of king George II. which was to kick his hat and wig about the room, whenever he was in a paſſion.

Concinet majore poeta plectro
———, quandoque calens furore
Geſtiet circa thalamum ferire
Calce galerum. LOVELING.

O! then your bra' militia lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling by their black cockades,
A helliſh colour truly:
As night is baniſh'd by the day,
The white ſhall drive awa that;
The ſun ſhall then his beams diſplay,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.
'For' a' that, &c.

SONG XXIX.

Tune, *Alloway-houſe.**

OH! how ſhall I venture, or dare to reveal,
Too great for expreſſion, too good to conceal,
The graces and virtues that illuſtriouſly ſhine
In the prince that's deſcended from the Stuart's great line!

O! could I extoll, as I love the dear name,
And ſuit my low ſtrains to my prince's high fame,
In verſes immortal his glory ſhould live,
And ages unborn his merit ſurvive.

But O! thou great hero, juſt heir to the crown,
The world, in amazement, admires thy renown;
Thy princely behaviour ſets forth thy juſt praiſe,
In trophies more laſting than poets can raiſe.

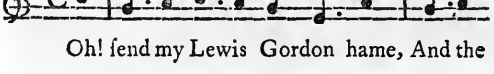
* See Vol. I. p. 79.

Thy valour in war, thy deportment in peace,
Shall be ſung and admir'd, when diviſion ſhall ceaſe;
Thy foes in confuſion ſhall yield to thy ſway,
And thoſe who now rule be compell'd to obey.

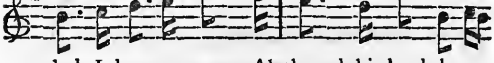
SONG XXX.

CHARMING HIGHLANDMAN.*

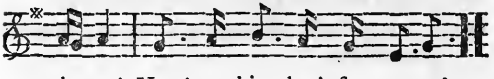
Oh! ſend my Lewis Gordon hame, And the



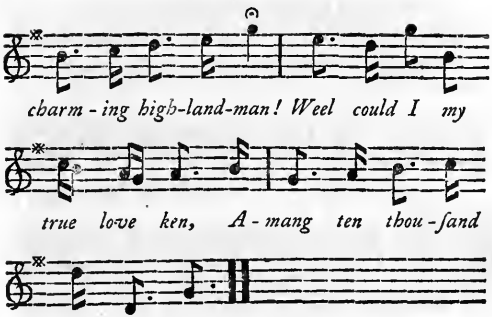
lad I dare na name; Al-though his back be at



the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa'.



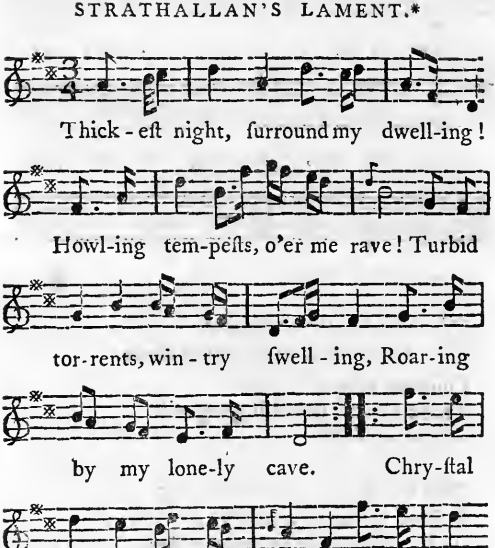
Hech hey! my high-land-man! My hand-ſome,

* This ſong is ſometimes intitled "LEWIS GORDON," and directed to be ſung "To the tune of *Tarry woo*;" of which the preſent is poſſibly but an alteration. (See Vol. I. p. 283.)—Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the chevalier, and acquitted himſelf with great gallantry and judgement. He dyed in 1754.

O! to ſee his tartan trouze,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd ſhoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Hech hey! &c,

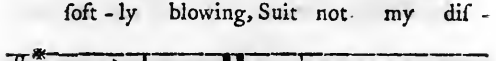
This lovely lad, of whom I ſing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
And on his breaſt he wears a ſtar,
You'd take him for the god of war.
Hech hey! &c.

O! to ſee this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Our griefs would then a' diſapear,
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee year.
Hech hey! &c.

SONG XXXI.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

* Suppoſed to mean James, viſcount Strathallan, whoſe father, viſcount William, was killed, as before mentioned, at the battle of Culloden. He eſcaped to France, and is ſtill living.

soft-ly blowing, Suit not my diſ-



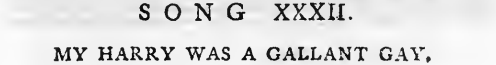
tract-ed mind.

In the cauſe of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redreſs,
Honor's war we ſtrongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd ſucceſs:
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend.

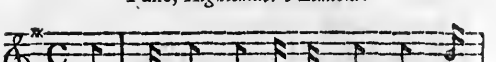
SONG XXXII.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

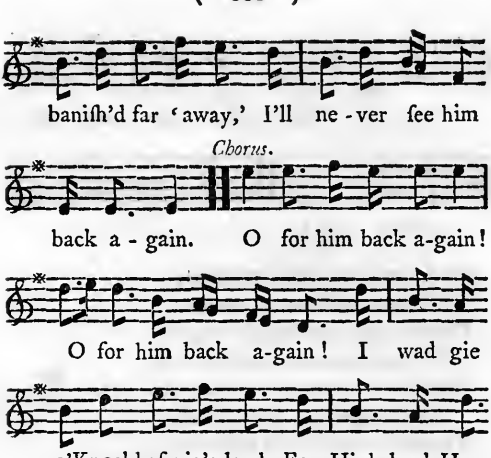
Tune, *Highlander's Lament.*



My Har-ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu'



ſtate-ly ſtrade he on the plain, But now he's



When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I ſet me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wiſh him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were ſome villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might ſee the joyful ſight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

Tune, *The Flowers of the Foreſt**.

I'VE ſeen the ſmiling
Of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its bleſſing,
Kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.

I've ſeen the foreſt,
Adorn'd the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their ſcent the air perfuming;
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've ſeen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſt ſtorming before the mid-day.
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams
Shining in the ſunny beams,
Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

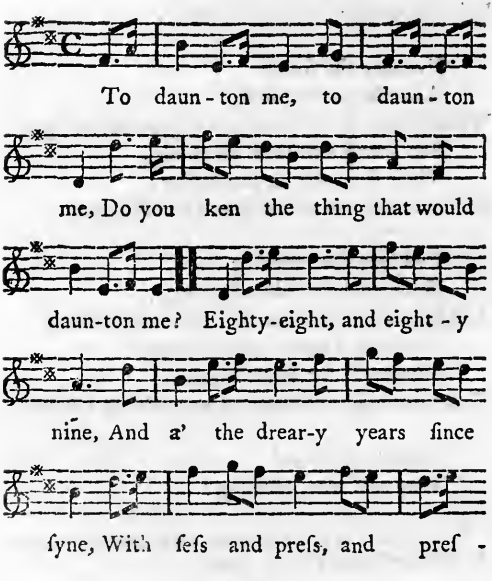
O fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel ſporting?

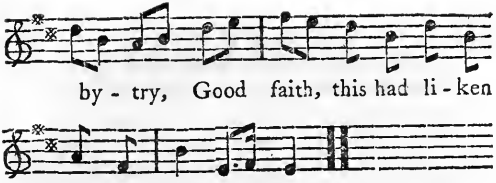
* See before, p. 1. This ſong is ſuſpected to allude to the conſequences of 1715 or 1745.

O why ſtill perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can chear me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

SONG XXXIV.

[TO DAUNTON ME.]

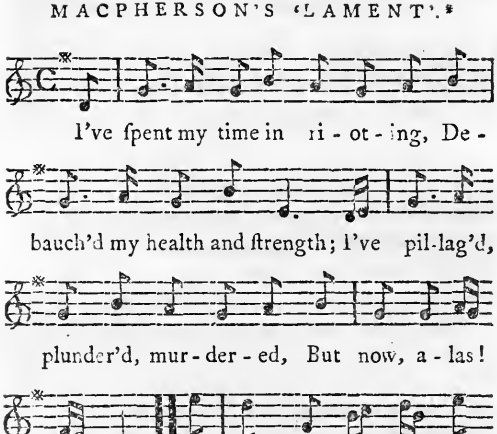




But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
Do you ken the thing that would wanton me?
To ſee gued corn upon the rigs,
And baniſhment to all the whigs,
And right reſtor'd where right ſhould be;
O! theſe are the things that wa'd wanton me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
And ken ye what maiſt would wanton me?
To ſee king James at Edinb'rough croſs,
With fifty thouſand foot and horſe,
And the uſurper forc'd to flee;
O! this is what maiſt would wanton me.

SONG XXXV.

MACPHERSON'S LAMENT.*

* No information has occurred reſpecting this perſonage.

up-on a tree.

To hang upon a tree! a tree!
That curs'd unhappy death!
Like to a wolf to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart would ſurely break,
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage ſingular
Bid penſive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath
More courage had than I;
I dar'd my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly:
This grandeur ſtout, I did keep out,
Like Hector manfullie;
Then wonder one like me, ſo ſtout,
Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far
Than ever did a general
His ſoldiers in a war:
Being fear'd by all, both great and ſmall,
I liv'd moſt joyfullie;
O! curſe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

As for my life, I do not care,
If juſtice would take place,
And bring my fellow plunderers
Unto this ſame diſgrace;
For Peter Brown, that notour loon,
Eſcap'd, and was made free:
O! curſe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

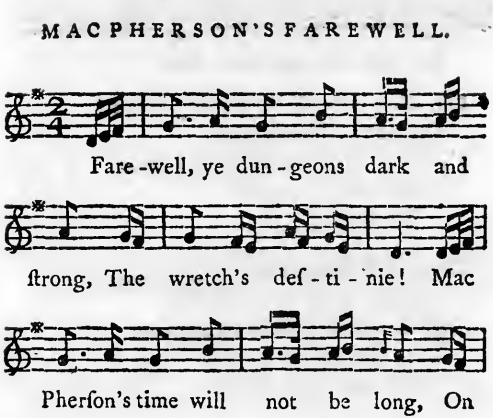
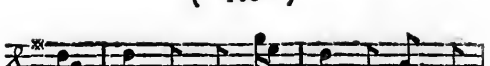
Both law and juſtice buried are,
And fraud and guile ſucceed,
The guilty paſs unpuniſhed,
If money interceed:
The laird of Grant, that highland ſaint,
His mighty majeſtie,
He pleads the cauſe of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherſon die.

The deſt'ny of my life contriv'd
By thoſe whom I oblig'd,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge:
For Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He firſt laid hands on me;
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged wou'd I be.

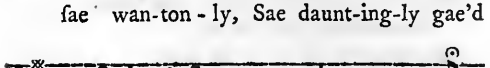
As for my life, it is but ſhort,
When I ſhall be no more;

To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you will be.

SONG XXXVI.

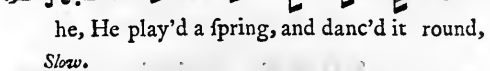
MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.



ſae wan-ton-ly, Sae daunt-ing-ly gae'd



he, He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,

Slow.



Be-low the gal-lows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I ſcorn him yet again.
Sae rantingly, &c.

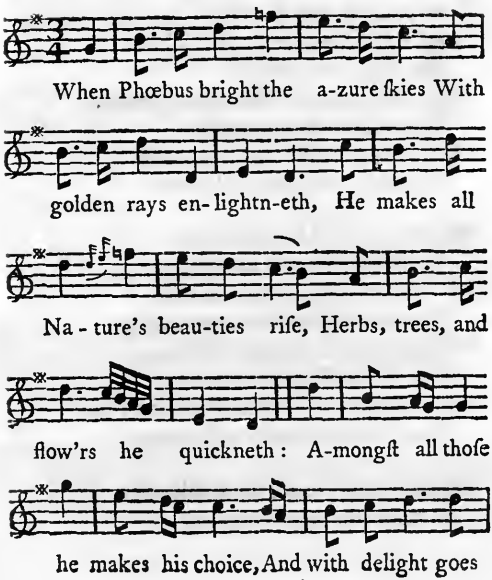
Untie theſe bands from off my hands,
And bring me to my ſword;
And there's no man in all Scotland
But I'll brave at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

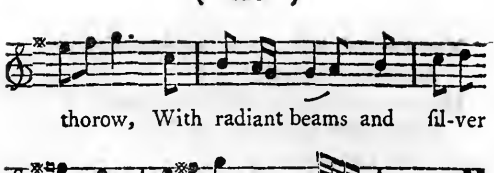
I've liv'd a life of ſturt and ſtrife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I muſt depart,
And not avenged be,
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewel, light, thou ſunſhine bright,
And all beneath the ſky!
May coward ſhame diſdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

SONG XXXVII.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.





When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres sell,
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,
Surmounting my describing,

With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving;
Men paſſing by do aften cry,
In ſooth it hath no marrow;
It ſtands as ſweet on Leader-ſide,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha liſts to ride,
They'll hear the Mavis ſinging;
Into St. Leonard's banks ſhe'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er hinging:
The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they ſing,
As ſweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing ſhe ſporteth;
But vows ſhe's flee far from the tree
'Where' Philomel reſorteth:
By break of day the lark can ſay
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll ſtretch my wing and mounting ſing,
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The Eaſt and Weſtern Mainſes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainſhes;

Where aits are fine, and ſald by kind,
That if ye ſearch all thorough,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill-bog, and Whitſlade ſhaws,
The fearful hare ſhe haunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodſheil ſhe knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth:
Yet when ſhe irks, to Kaidſly birks
She rins, and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What ſweeter muſick wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying:
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae bielding can ſhe borrow,
In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
And ſighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her:
O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh and ſyke,
She'll rin the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd ſhe fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids farewel to Yarrow.

Sing Erſlington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The bird that flees through Reedpath trees,
And Gledſwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing ſweet Leader Haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minſtrel-burn cannot aſſuage
His grief while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader-ſide,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

SONG XXXVIII.

Tune, *Gillicrankie* *.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot ſtood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:

* See before, p. 76. The events and alluſions which form the ſubject of this ſong, are too recent and familiar to need a comment.

Then up they gat the maſkin-pat,
And in the ſea did jaw, man;
An' did nae leſs, in full Congreſs,
Than quite refuſe our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na ſlaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' ſword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept in Boſton-ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' ſword an' gun he thought a ſin
Guid chriſtian bluid to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he haſhed ſma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like ſpur an' whip,
Till Fraſer brave did fa', man;
Then loſt his way, ae miſty day,
In Saratoga ſhaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckſkins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive fra ruſt to ſave,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha ſtood the ſtoure,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a' man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to goſpel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys wi' jarring noiſe,
They did his meaſures thraw, man;
For North an' Fox united ſtocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He ſwept the ſtakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a ſair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A ſecret word or twa, man;

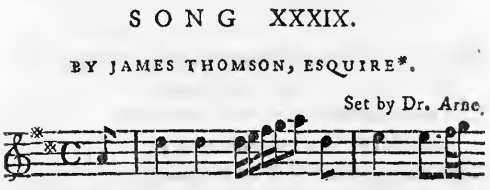
While ſlee Dundas arous'd the claſs
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inſpired bardies ſaw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, riſe!
"Would I hae fear'd them a', man!"

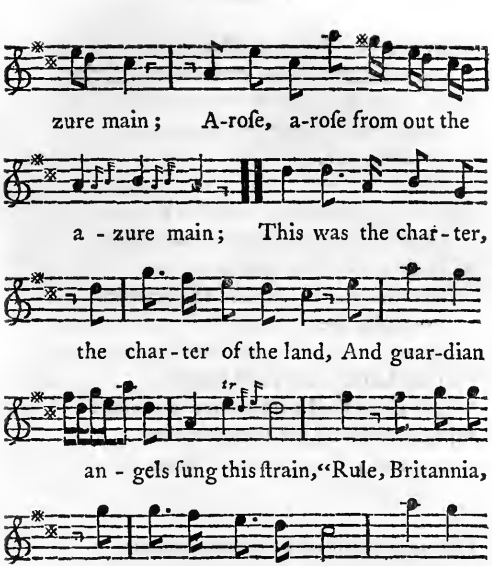
But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co,
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raiſe, an' cooſt their claiſe
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' ſwoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,
To mak it guid in law, man.

SONG XXXIX.

BY JAMES THOMSON, ESQUIRE*.

Set by Dr. Arne.



* In the Maſque of Alfred.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
" Rule, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke:
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arrouſe thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.
"Rule, &c.

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair;
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves;
"Britons never will be ſlaves."

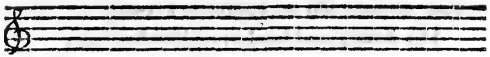
SCOTISH SONGS.

CLASS THE FIFTH.

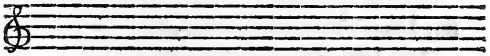
SONG I.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

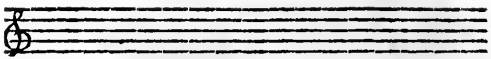
PART THE FIRST.



Lithe and liſten, gentlemen, To ſing a ſong



I will beginne : It is of a lord of faire Scot-



land, Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To ſpend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye ſpend and never ſpare,
I wott, an' it were the king him ſelfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and ſpent;
And he mun ſell his landes ſo broad,
His houſe, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen ſtewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought diſturb thy merry cheere,
If thou wilt ſell thy landes ſoe broad,
Good ſtore of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is ſpent;
My lande now take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande ſhall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennie;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath ſold his land ſoe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and loneſome lodge,
That ſtood far off in a lonely glenne.

For ſoe he to his father hight:
My ſonne, whenne I am gonne, ſayd he,
Then thou wilt ſpend thy lande ſo broad,
And thou wilt ſpend thy gold ſo free:

But ſweare me nowe upon the roode,
That loneſome lodge thou'lt never ſpend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there ſhalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, ſayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that ſpares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they ſlunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purſe,
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was braſs, and the tone was lead,
And [the] tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a truſty friend have I,
And why ſhold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
So need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftleſs loone,
And bade him ſharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes ſo broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning ſhame:
To rob and ſteal it were a ſinne:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to [the] loneſome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world ſhould frown on me,
I there ſhold find a truſty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to [the] loneſome lodge,
That ſtood ſo lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope ſome comfort for to winne,

But bare and lothly were the walles:
Here's ſorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No ſhimmering ſunn here ever ſhone;
No haleſome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote ſpye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought ſave a rope with renning nooſe,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
Theſe words were written ſo plain to ſee:
"Ah! graceleſs wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
"And brought thyſelfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind miſgave,
"I therefore left this truſty friend:
"Let it now ſheeld thy foule diſgrace,
"And all thy ſhame and ſorrows end."

Sorely ſhent with this rebuke,
Sorely ſhent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to braſt,
With guilt and ſorrowe, ſhame and ſinne.

Never a word ſpake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he ſpake but three:

" This is a truſty friend indeed,
" And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his neck the corde he drewe,
And ſprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burſt in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Aſtonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and ſawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold ſo redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there ſtood three cheſts in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
Theſe words were written ſo plaine to ſee.

" Once more, my ſonne, I ſette thee cleare,
" Amend thy life and follies paſt;
" For but thou amend thee of thy life,
" That rope muſt be thy end at laſt."

And let it bee, ſayd the heire of Linne;
And let it bee, but if I amend:

For here I will make mine avow,
This reade ſhall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne,
Away he went with a merry cheare;
I wis, he neither ſtint ne ſtayd,
Till John o' the Scales houſe he came neare.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the ſpeere then looked hee;
There ſate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine ſo free.

And then beſpake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales then louted hee,
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
If ever I truſt thee one pennie.

Then beſpake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then ſpake hee:
Madame, ſome almes on me beſtowe,
I pray for ſweet ſaint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
I ſwear thou getteſt no almes of mee;

For if we ſhold hang any loſel heere,
The firſt we wold begin with thee.

Then beſpake a good fellowe,
Which ſat at John o' the Scales his bord:
Sayd Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou waſt a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou haſt been,
And ſparedſt not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee John o' the Scales,
To let him ſit in thy companee:
For well I wot thou hadſt his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then ſpake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he anſwer'd him againe.
Now Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
But I did loſe by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before theſe lords ſo faire and free,
Thou ſhalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he ſaid.
With that he gave him a gods-pennee:

Now by my fay, ſayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth the bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe ſhent he cold ſay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine the land is mine,
"And now Ime againe the lord of Linne."

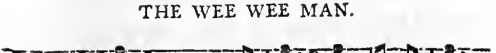
Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didſt lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! ſayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now well aday! and woe is my life!
Yeſterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

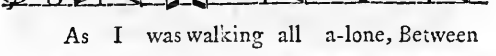
Now fare thee well, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, ſaid hee:
When next I want to ſell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

SONG II.

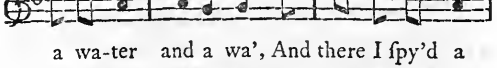
THE WEE WEE MAN.



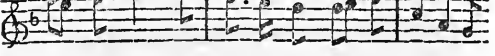
As I was walking all a-lone, Between



a wa-ter and a wa', And there I ſpy'd a

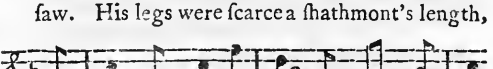


wee wee man, And he was the leaſt that ere I

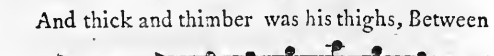


ſaw. His legs were ſcarce a ſhathmont's length,

And thick and thimber was his thighs, Between



his brows there was a ſpan, And be-tween his



ſhoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle ſtane,
And he flang't as far as I could ſee,
Though I had been 'as' Wallace wight,
I coudna liften't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be ſtrong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be.
My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower,
O will you go with me and ſee?

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We 'lighted down for to bait our horſe,
And out there came a lady fine.

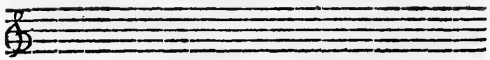
Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green,
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warſt o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the ſloor was o' the cryſtal a'.

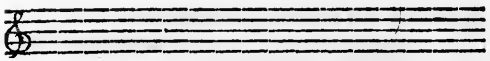
When we came to the ſtair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and ſma';
But, in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

SONG III.

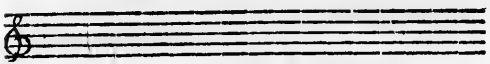
EDWARD, EDWARD.



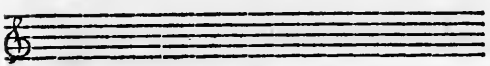
Quhy dois zour brand ſae drop wi' bluid,



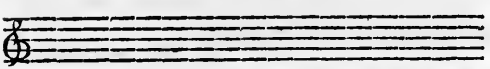
Edward, Edward? Quhy dois zour brand ſae



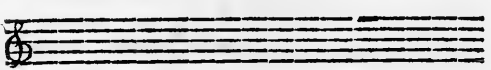
drop wi' bluid? And quhy ſae ſad gang zee



O? O, I hae killed my hauke ſae guid,



Mither, mither: O, I hae killed my hauke



ſae guid: And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid,
Edward, Edward:
Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid;
My deir ſon I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
That eſt was ſae fair and free, O.

Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?
My deir ſon, now tell me, O.
Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the ſea, O.

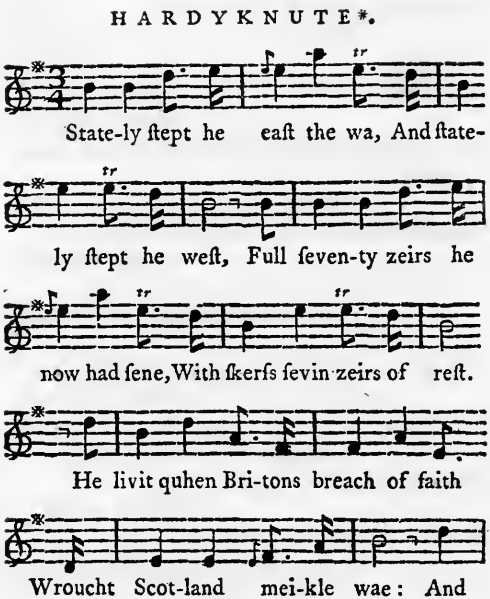
And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze do wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were ſae fair to ſee, O?

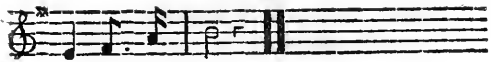
Ile let thame ſtand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame ſtand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and 'zour' wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the ſea, O?
The warldis room, late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I ſee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir ſon, now tell me, O.
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Sic counſeils ze gave to me, O.

SONG IV.

HARDYKNUTE*.

* "A [pretended] fragment," written in or about 1718. See the "Hiſtorical eſſay."



their deid-ly fae.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy ficht with ſword in hand
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefou wae hir beautie bred!
Waefou to zung and auld,

Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht:
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horſe, to horſe, my ryal liege,
Zour faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears,
The king of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cryd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king never ſeyd.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſters arm,
"Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid zour king frae harm."

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
And gein five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That treis in grene wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt that ſummers morn,
Quhen, lo, down in a graſsy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir ſounds in peace,
We haif other ſport to byde;
And ſune they heyd them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſyde,

"Late late zeſtrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned lyfe,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
But now that Norſe dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.

"Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ſchute ſae leil,

Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorlands ferſs heir.

" Malcom, licht of fute as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſchield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
My blade of mettal cleir."
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,"
And tuke hir by the hand,
" Fairer to me in age zou ſeim,
Than maids for bewtie famd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zours painted bowirs."

And firſt ſcho wet hir comely cheiks,
And then hir boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,

Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in zour ſicht.

"Aryſe, zoung knicht, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſchynand day;
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To lead ze on the way."
With ſmyleſs luke and viſage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
Kynd chiftain, zour intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune, beneath ſum draping trie,
Cauld deith ſall end my care.
With him nae pleiding micht prevail,
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord Chattans land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race, by mothers ſyde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaift Pictiſh crown.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſs army lay in ſicht.
"Zonder, my valziant ſons and feris,
Our raging revers wait,
On the' unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird
To try with us thair fate.

Mak oriſons to him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the rude.

Syne braifly ſchaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
Quhyle thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
"Thryſe welcom, valziant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſcheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his ſyde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd
The war that luikt lyke play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but delay:

Quoth noble Rothſay, Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a ſkore.
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt betwene his ene.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothſays heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it throuch his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

"Sair bleids my leige, ſair, ſair he bleids."
Again with micht he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now, quene Elgreid,

Hie, dames, to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe,"
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilk
His ſteilly harneſs ſhynd)
"Take Norſe that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norſe, with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder, and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.

That brag his ſtout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht:
I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht
To lay thee law as horſes hufe;
My word I mean to keip.
Syne, with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleid.

Norſe ene lyke gray goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ficht with ſhame and ſpyte:
" Diſgracd is now my far famd arm,
That left thee power to ſtryke."
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup
As law as he to ladies uſit
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full ſune he raiſ'd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſe his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a ſae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy ſae, with luke enragd,
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid throw thickeſt ranks,
The hardy zouth to quell,
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his approach,
His furie to repell.

" That ſchort brown ſhaft, ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,

But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.
" Aft Britains blude has dimd its ſhyne
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt:"
Syne piercd the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

With cairles geſture mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the plain;
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
Quhen winner ay the ſame:
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;

Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair, with blythſom ſounds,
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw thair ſhyning wounds.

On Norways coaſt the widowit dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praiſe Hardyknute,
Let Norſe the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
Sall lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew [the] weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately tower;
His towir, that us'd with torches bleiſe,
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,

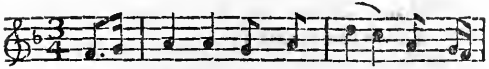
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

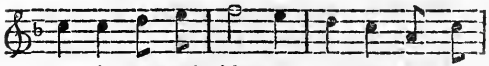
" Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, ſay! "
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
" Stand back, my ſons, I'll be zour gyde."—
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

" As faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands faes"—
There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with dreid;
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

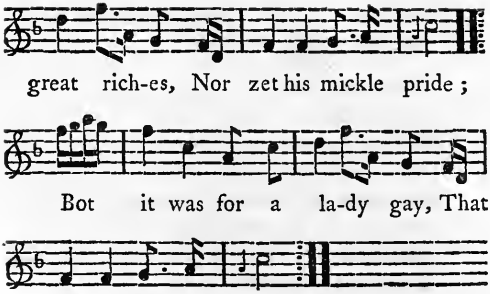
SONG V.

GIL MORRICE.*





* See the " Hiſtorical Eſſay."



" Quhair ſall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoen;
That will gae to lord Barnards ha,
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horſe-back ze ſall ride.'

" O no! Oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to trieſt furth his wife."
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he ſayd:
How can ze ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I ſall be obeyd.

But, O my maſter dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre ſic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze ſhould be tain.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' ſpeid:
If ze refuſe my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

"Gar bid hir take this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem,
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Hir ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."

"Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour coſt;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze ſall find froſt.
The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will ſee before its nicht,
How ſma' ze hae to vaunt.

"And ſen I maun zour errand rin
Sae fair againſt my will,

I'ſe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It ſall be don for ill."
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And quhen he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca':
Bot ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he ſtude at the gait;
Bot ſtraiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were ſet at meit.

"Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your ſel alane.

And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
Ze maun gae ſpeik to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."
The lady ſtamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her ee;

Bot a' that ſhe could ſay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

" Its ſurely to my bow'r-woman ;
It neir could be to me."
" I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow that ze be ſhe."
Then up and ſpack the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It's deir welcum to me.

" Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurſe,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow ze be nae ſhee."
Then up and ſpack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee ;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee ;
Till ſiller cup and 'mazer' diſh
In flinders he gard flee.

" Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
That kings upon the pin ;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And ſpeik wi' zour lemman."
" O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame ;

Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane."

Gil Morice ſate in gude grene wode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
"O what mean a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries lang."
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minervas loome:
His lipps like roſes drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain ſnae
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roſes glow;
His een like azure ſtream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant ſpring:
And like the mavis on the buſh,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he firſt ſpied Gill Morice
Kameing his zellow hair:
That ſweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare:
He ſang ſae ſweet it might diſpel
A' rage but fell deſpair.

" Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel,
The faireſt part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the leſs now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born,
That head ſall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlaited on the ſtrae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's 'gart' cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
The meaneſt man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady ſat on caſtil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there ſhe ſaw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

" Far better I loe that bluidy head,
'Bot' and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, an a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair."

And ſhe has tain her Gill Morice,
  And kiſſd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
  As the hip is o' the ſtean.

" I got ze in my father's houſe,
  Wi' mickle ſin and ſhame,
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
  Under the heavy rain;
Oft have I by thy cradle ſitten,
  And fondly ſeen thee ſleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
  The ſaut tears for to weip."

And ſyne ſhe kiſſd his bluidy cheik,
  And ſyne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gill Morice
  Than a' my kith and kin!
" Away, away, ze ill woman,
  And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour ſon,
  He'd neir bin ſlain for mee."

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
  Obraid me not for ſhame!
Wi' that ſaime ſpeir O pierce my heart!
  And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
  Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that faim hand now take hir life
That neir to thee did ill.

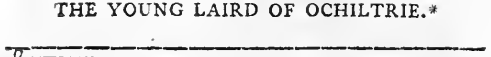
" To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be faft and kind;
I'll fill the air wich heavy fighs,
And greet till I am blind."
" Enouch of blood by me's bin fpilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my fel
Than eather him or thee.

" With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, fair I rew the deid,
That eir this curfed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour teirs, my winfome dame,
Ze neir can heal his wound,
Ze fee his head upon the fpeir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

" I curfe the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' fik fpeid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was flain."

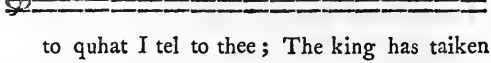
SONG VI.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.*



O liſten, gude peopell, to my tale, Liſten

to quhat I tel to thee; The king has taiken



a poor priſoner, The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

Quhen news cam to our guidly queen,
Sche ſicht, and ſaid richt mournfullie,
O quhat will cum of lady Margret,
Quha beirs ſick luve to Ochiltrie?

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,
Quhen as the queen tald hir the ſaim:
"I wis that I had neir bin born,
Nor neir had knawn Ochiltries naim."

* It is not eaſy to diſcover to whom or what period this ballad alludes. A lord Ochiltrie, in 1631 was ſentenced to perpetual impriſonment in Blackneſs caſtle, (where he continued twenty years,) for calumniating the marquis of Hamilton. Burnets "Memoirs of James and William dukes of Hamilton," p. 13.

Fie na, quoth the queen, that maunna be,
Fie na, that maunna be;
I'll fynd ze out a better way
To ſaif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.

The queen ſche trippit up the ſtair,
And lawly knielt upon hir knie;
"The firſt boon quhich I cum to craive
Is the lyfe of gentel Ochiltrie."

"O iff you had aſkd me caſtels or towirs,
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie,
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen ſche trippit down the ſtair,
And down ſche gade richt mournfullie:
"Its a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair,
Quhen as the queen tald hir the ſaim:
"I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,
And be in the grave aſſoon as him."

Ah na, fie na, quoth the queen,
Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be;
I'll ſet ze on a better way
To looſe and ſet Ochiltrie frie.

The queen ſche ſlippit up the ſtair,
And ſche gaid up richt privatlie,
And ſche has ſtoun the priſon keys,
And gane and ſet Ochiltrie frie.

And ſches gien him a purſe of gowd,
And another of whyt monie,
Sches gien him twa piſtoles by's ſide,
Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the queens window,
Quhaten a joyfou ſhute gae he!
"Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in hir companie!"

O quhaten a voyce is that? quoth the king,
Quhaten a voyce is that? quoth he,
Quhaten a voyce is that? quoth the king;
I think its the voyce of Ochiltrie.

Call to me a' my gaolours,
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;
Quhair for the morn at twelve a clock
Its hangit ſchall they ilk ane be.

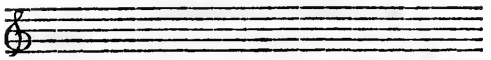
"O didna ze ſend zour keyis to us?
Ze ſent thaim be thirtie and be thrie;
And wi thaim ſent a ſtrait command,
To ſet at lairge zoung Ochiltrie."

Ah, na, fie, na, quoth the queen,
Fie, my dear luve, this maunna be:
And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
Indeed ze maun begin wi' me.

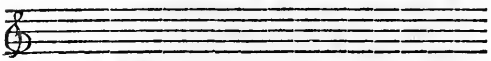
The tane was ſchippit at the pier of Leith,
The ither at the Queensferrie;
And now the lady has gotten hir luve,
The winſom laird of Ochiltrie.

SONG VII.

THE DUKE OF GORDONS DAUGHTER*.

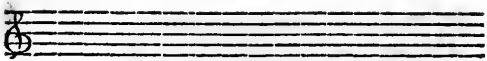


The duke of Gordon has three daughters,

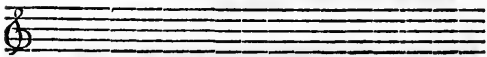


Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean; They would

* George (Gordon) fourth earl of Huntley, who ſucceeded his grandfather, earl Alexander, in 1523, and was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1563, had actually three daughters: lady ELIZABETH, the eldeſt, marryed to John earl of Athole, lady MARGARET, the ſecond, to John lord Forbes; and lady JEAN, the youngeſt, to the famous James earl of Bothwell, from whom being divorced, anno 1568, ſhe marryed Alexander earl of Sutherland, who dyed, in 1594, and, ſurviving him, ALEXANDER OGILVIE OF BOYNE. The duke-



not ſtay in bonny Caſtle-Gordon, But they



would go to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Jean fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,
And away with him ſhe would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with capt. Ogilvie,
And away with him ſhe would gae.

" Go ſaddle me the black horſe,
And you'll ride on the grey;
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day."

dom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684; ſo that, if the ballad be older, inſtead of "the duke of Gordon," the original reading muſt have been "the earl of Huntley." As for Alexander Ogilvie, he appears to have ſucceeded his father, ſir Walter Ogilvie, in the barony of Boyne, about 1560, and to have dyed in 1606: this lady Jean being his firſt wife, by whom he ſeems to have had no iſſue. See Gordons Hiſtory of the Gordons, and Douglas's Peerage, and Baronage.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was lady Jean.

" Where is your ſiſter, maidens ?
Where is your ſiſter, now ?
Where is your ſiſter, maidens,
That ſhe is not walking with you ?"

" O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us, they did ſay ;
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,
And away with him ſhe will gae."

When he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he ſee captain Ogilvie,
Training up his men.

" O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou ſhalt die ;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou ſhalt be."

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And ſent it to the king,
To cauſe hang captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

" I will not hang captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I ſee;
But I'll cauſe him to put off the lace and ſcarlet,
And put on the ſingle livery."

Word came to captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To caſt off the gold lace and ſcarlet,
And put on the ſingle livery.

" If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi' ;
If this be bonny Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree."

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till ſhe had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

" O but I'm weary of wandering !
O but my fortune is bad !
It ſets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a ſoldier lad.

" O but I'm weary of wandering !
O but I think lang !
It ſets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a ſingle man."

When they came to the Highland hills,
  Cold was the froſt and ſnow;
Lady Jean's ſhoes they were all torn,
  No farther could ſhe go.

" O! wo to the hills and the mountains!
  Wo to the wind and the rain!
My feet is ſore with going barefoot,
  No further am I able to gang.

" Wo to the hills and the mountains!
  Wo to the froſt and the ſnow!
My feet is ſore with going barefoot,
  No farther am I able for to go."

" O! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
  Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonny Caſtle-Gordon,
  Without either ſtockings or ſhoon."

When ſhe came to Caſtle-Gordon,
  And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud ſhout,
  O yonder comes lady Jean.

" O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
  You are dear welcome to me;
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
  But away with your captain Ogilvie."

Now over ſeas went the captain,
As a ſoldier under command;
A meſſage ſoon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

"Come home, you pretty captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land;
Come home, ye pretty captain Ogilvie,
Be earl of Northumberland."

O! what does this mean? ſays the captain,
Where's my brother's children three?
"They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee."

"Then hoiſt up your ſails, brave captain,
Let's be jovial and free;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my eſtate,
Then my dear Jeany I'll ſee."

He ſoon came to Caſtle-Gordon,
And down upon the green;
The porter gave out with a loud ſhout,
Here comes captain Ogilvie.

"You're welcome, pretty captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear;
No ſtranger can come unto my gates,
That I do love ſo dear."

" Sir, the laſt time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendſhip elſe I claim."

" Come in, pretty captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine;
And thou ſhalt have gold and ſilver,
To count till the clock ſtrike nine."

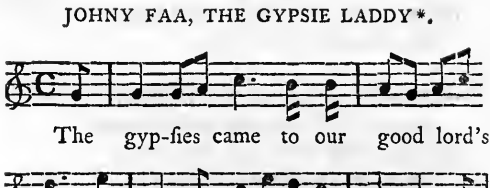
" I'll have none of your gold and ſilver,
Nor none of your white money;
But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon,
And ſhe ſhall go now with me."

Then ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
With the tear into her eye;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

" You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
With my young family;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a counteſs thou ſhall be."

SONG VIII.

JOHNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDY*.

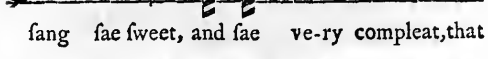


* A perſon of this name (John Faw) is ſaid to have been king of the gypſies in the time of James VI. who, about the year 1595, iſſued a proclamation, ordaining all ſheriffs, &c. to aſſiſt him in ſeizing and ſecuring fugitive gypſies, and to lend him their priſons, ſtocks, fetters, &c. for that purpoſe: charging his lieges not to moleſt the ſaid Faw and his company in their lawful buſineſs within the realm, or in paſſing through, remaining in, or going forth of the ſame, under penalty: and all ſkippers, maſters of ſhips, and mariners to receive him and his company upon their expences for furthering them to parts beyond ſea. See M'Laurin's *Remarkable Caſes*, p. 774.

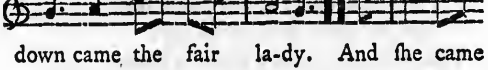
The Faws, Faas, or Falls, were noted thieves in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, where ſome perſons of that name are ſaid to be ſtill remaining.

In 1677 there happened a ſharp conflict at Romanno in Tweeddale, between the Faws and the Shaws, two clans of gypſies, who, on their march from Haddington fair, to fight two other gangs, the Baillies and the Browns, had quarrelled about the diviſion of the ſpoil. Several were killed and wounded on each ſide, and old Shaw and his three ſons ſoon afterwards taken and hanged. See Pennecuiks *Deſcription of the ſhire of Tweeddale*, 4to. 1715. p. 14.

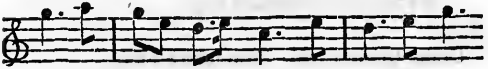
ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae ve-ry compleat, that



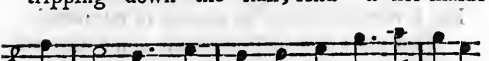
down came the fair la-dy. And ſhe came



tripping down the ſtair, And a' her maids



be-fore her; As ſoon as they ſaw her well



far'd face, They cooſt the gla-mer o'er her.

No particular information has been obtained as to the hero of this ballad, but a different and more inaccurate copy may poſſibly furniſh us with the rank and title of his miſtreſs.

There was ſeven gypſies in a gang,
And they was briſk and bonny O,
And they're to be hanged all on a row,
For the EARL of CASTLE'S* LADY O.

Neighbouring tradition, it is ſaid, ſtrongly vouches for the truth of the ſtory.

* Caſſilis'.

" Gar tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

" Yeſtreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beſide me ;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me."

Come to your bed, ſays Johny Faa,
Oh ! come to your bed, my deary ;
For I vow and ſwear by the hilt of my ſword,
That your lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

" I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my deary ;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
That my lord ſhall nae mair come near me."

" I'll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my deary ;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord ſhall nae mair come near me."

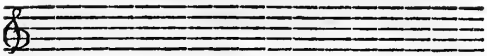
And when our lord came home at e'en,
And ſpeir'd for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away wi' the gypſie laddie.

" Gae ſaddle to me the black, black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair lady."

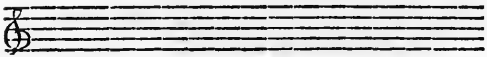
And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

SONG IX.

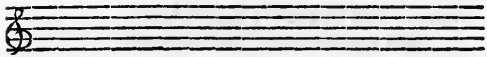
WHA WILL BAKE, ETC.



" Wha will bake my bridal bread, And brew



my bridal ale? And wha will welcome my briſk



bride, That I bring o'er the dale?"

" I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your briſk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."

" But ſhe that welcomes my briſk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair,
She maun lace on her robe ſae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."

" But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born ſeven ſons to thee,
And am with child agen?"

She's taen her young ſon in her arms,
Another in her hand,
And ſhe's up to the higheſt tower,
To ſee him come to land.

" You're welcome to your houſe, maſter,
You're welcome to your land,
You're welcome wirh your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand."

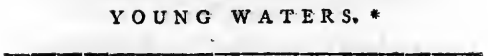
* * * * * *

And ay ſhe ſerv'd the lang tables,
With white bread and with wine;
And ay ſhe drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

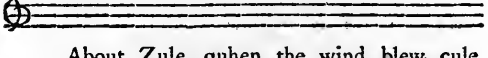
Now he's ta'en down a ſilk napkin,
Hung on a ſilver pin,
And ay he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

SONG X.

YOUNG WATERS. *

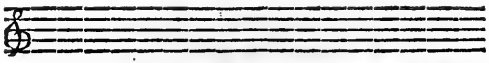


About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,



And the round tables began, A' ! there is cum

* Dr. Percy tells us it had been ſuggeſted to him, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiſcreet partiality, which queen Anne of Denmark is ſaid to have ſhewn for the earl of Murray, and which was ſuppoſed to have influenced the fate of that nobleman. In ſupport of this conjecture he quotes the following paſſage (through the medium of the Critical Review) from ſir James Balfours MS. annals in the advocates library. "The ſeventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the earle of Huntley, at his houſe in Dunibriſſel in Fyffe-ſhyre, and with him Dunbar, ſheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the earle of Huntley was only the inſtrument of perpetrating this facte, to ſatisfie the king's jealouſie of Murray, quhum the queene, more raſhely than wiſely, ſome few days before, had commendit in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reaſons of theſe ſurmiſes proceedit from a proclamatione of the kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the zoung earle of Murray to perſue the earle of Huntley, for his fathers ſlaughter, in reſpect he being wardeit in the caſtell of Blackneſſe for the ſame murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the king's majeſties commiſſione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."



to our king's court Mony a well-favord man.

The queen luikt owre the caſtle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there ſhe ſaw Zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horſemen rade behinde,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horſe before,
And ſiller ſhod behind,
The horſe Zoung Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then ſpack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen ſaid he,
O tell me qhua's the faireſt face
Rides in the company.

" I've ſene lord, and I've ſene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than Zoung Waters
Mine eyne did never ſee."

Out then ſpack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had bin twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, ſhe ſays,
Bot the king that wears the crown;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a that ſhe coud do or ſay,
Appeas'd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which ſhe had ſaid
Zoung Waters he maun die.

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

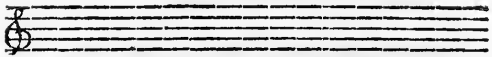
Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town.
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His zoung ſon in his craddle;
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horſe bot and his ſaddle.

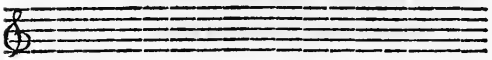
They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to ſee.
And for the words the queen had ſpoke,
Zoung Waters he did die.

SONG XI.

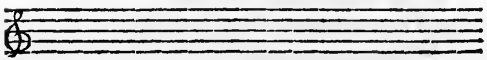
THE CRUEL KNIGHT.



The knight ſtands in the ſtable-door, As he



was for to ryde, When out then came his fair



lady, Deſiring him to byde.

" How can I byde, how dare I byde,
How can I byde with thee?
Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
Thou hadſt nae mair but he."

" If you have kill'd my ae brother,
Alas! and woe is me!
But if I ſave your fair body,
The better you'll like me."

She's tane him to her ſecret bower,
Pinn'd with a ſiller pin;
And ſhe's up to her higheſt tower,
To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the ſtair,
And entered in her tower,
When four-and-twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

" Now, God you ſave, my fair lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight,
Come riding by this way?"

" Yes; bloody, bloody was his ſword,
And bloody were his hands;
But if the ſteed he rides be good,
He's paſt fair Scotland's ſtrands.

Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,
And take ſome bread and wine;
The better you will him purſue,
When you ſhall lightly dine."

" We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine ;
I would gie thrice three thouſand pounds
Your fair body was mine."

Then ſhe's gane to her ſecret bower,
Her huſband dear to meet ;
But out he drew his bloody ſword,
And wounded her 'ſae' deep.

" What aileth thee now, good my lord,
What aileth thee at me ?
Have you not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee ?"

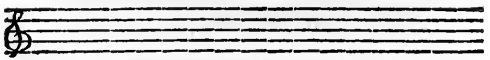
" Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour ;
There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,
But ſhall be at thy bower."

" How can I live, how ſhall I live,
How can I live for thee ?
See you not where my red heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee ?"

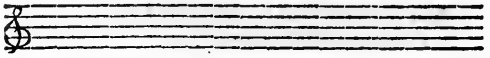
* * * * * *

SONG XII.

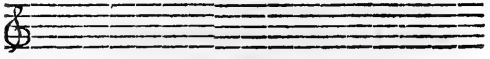
LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.*



Lord Thomas and fair Annet Sate a'day on



a hill; Whan night was cum, and ſun was ſett,



They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair Annet took it ill:
" A' ! I will nevir wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends will."

" Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

* This ballad, it is obſerved by the editor of the " Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry," ſeems to be compoſed (not without improvements) out of two ancient Engliſh ones printed in that collection, viz. " Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor," and " Fair Margaret and Sweet William."

O rede, O rede, mither, he ſays,
A gude rede gie to mee :
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee ?

" The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet ſhe has gat nane ;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull ſoon be gane !"

And he has till his brother gane :
Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
A' ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye ;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre ;
And I ſall hae nothing to my ſell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre."

And he has till his ſiſter gane :
Now, ſiſter, rede ye me;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair Annet free ?

" Iſe rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Leſt ye ſould ſigh and ſay, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?"

" No, I will tak my mithers counſel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land."

Up then roſe fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair Annet, he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And ſee that rich weddeen.

" My maides, gae to my dreſſing roome,
And dreſs to me my hair,
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair."

My maids, gae to my dreſſing room,
And dreſs to me my ſmock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horſe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty ſiller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And, 'at ae' tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets ſide,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirk,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It ſkinkled in their een.

And whan ſhe cam into the kirk,
She ſhimmer'd like the ſun;
The belt that was about her waiſt,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer ſae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet ſhe drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
And he gave it kiſſes three,
And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water,
That does mak yee ſae white?

"O I did get 'that' roſe-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very roſe-water,
Into my mithers wame."

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And ſtrake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word ſhe nevir ſpak mair.

Lord Thomas he ſaw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

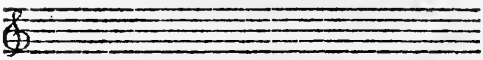
Now ſtay for me, dear Annet, he ſed,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her ſide.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

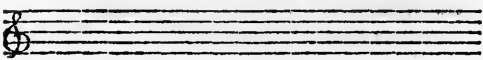
And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

SONG XIII.

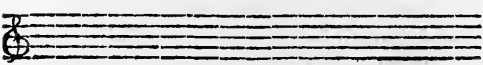
WILLY AND ANNET.



Liv'd ance twa luvers in yon dale, And they



lov'd ither weel, Frae ev'ning late to morning



aire Of luving luv'd their fill.

And we will ſail the ſea ſae green,
Unto ſome far countrie,
Or we'll ſail to ſome bonnie iſle
Stands lanely midſt the ſea."

But lang or ere the ſchip was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came ſick a pain in Annet's back,
That down ſhe cou'd na lout.

" Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,
As ſae it ſeems to me,
O haſte, haſte, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r-maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiſs'd her cheik and chin ;
He's brocht her to her ain ſweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

Now, leave my bower, Willie, ſhe ſaid,
Now leave me to my lane ;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When ſhe was travelling.

He's ſtepped three ſteps down the ſtair,
Upon the marble ſtane,
Sae loud's he heard his young ſon's greet,
But and his lady's mane !

Now come, now come, Willie, ſhe ſaid,
Tak your young ſon frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With ſpeed and privacie.

He's taen his young ſon in his arms,
He's kiſs'd him cheik and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold barone,
And he ſpake up wi' pride,
"Gar ſeek, gar ſeek the bower-maidens,
Gar buſk, gar buſk the bryde."

"My maidens, eaſy with my back,
And eaſy with my ſide;
O ſet my ſaddle ſaft, Willie,
I am a tender bryde."

When ſhe came to the burrow town,
They gied her a broach and ring;
And when ſhe came to * * * *
They had a fair wedding.

O up then ſpake the Norland lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee,
"I trow this lady's born a bairn;"
Then laucht loud lauchters three.

And up then ſpake the briſk bridegroom,
And he ſpake up wi' pryde,
" Gin I ſhould pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi' the bryde."

Now had your tongue, my lord, ſhe ſaid,
Wi' dancing let me be;
I am ſae thin in fleſh and blude,
Sma' dancing will ſerve me.

But ſhe's taen Willie be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee,
" But I wad dance wi' my true luve—
But burſts my heart in three."

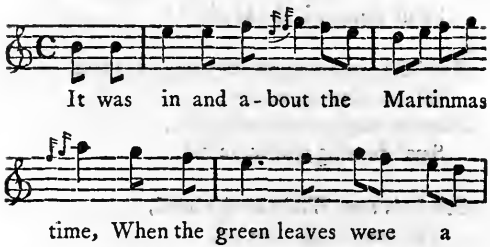
She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
" Gie that, gie that to my young ſon,
He'll ne'er his mother ſee."

* * * * * *

" Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;
This day hath ſeen my true luve's death,
This nicht ſhall witneſs myne."

SONG XIV.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.



He ſent his man down through the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling:
"O haſte and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the place where he was lying;
And when ſhe drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

" O its I'm ſick, and very very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan."
" O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a ſpilling."

O dinna ye mind, young man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan?

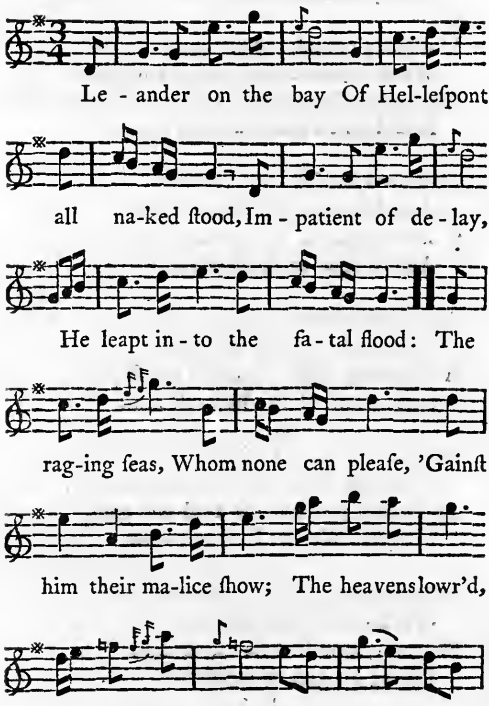
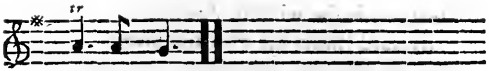
He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And ſlowly, ſlowly raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him;
And ſighing, ſaid, ſhe cou'd not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bed geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

" O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

SONG XV.

HERO AND LEANDER.



winds did blow.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

Lo! yonder ſtands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lyes,
And this is the appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No:
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſſage prove:
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

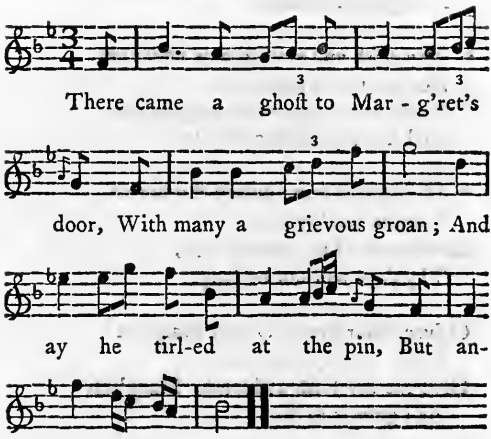
At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met
To teach her weary'd arms to ſwim:
The ſea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept

Her from her lover's ſide;
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

SONG XVI.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.



"Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"

" 'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee ſpeak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

" Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin."

" If I ſhou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And ſhou'd I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

O ſweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee ſpeak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

" Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

" My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſpirit, Marg'ret,
That's now ſpeaking to thee."

She ſtretch'd out her lilly-white hand,
And for to do her beſt,
" Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy,
God ſend your ſoul good reſt."

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed ſhe.

" Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your ſide, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"

" There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my ſide, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
" 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away."

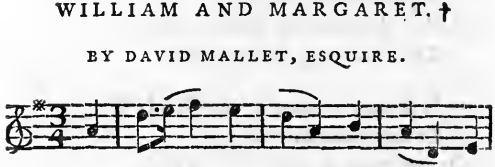
No more the ghoſt to Marg'ret ſaid,
But with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs and dy'd. *

SONG XVII.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET. †

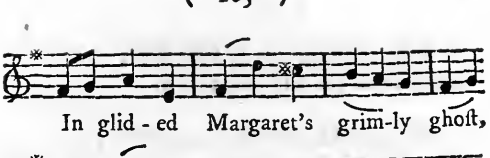
BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.



* The two laſt ſtanzas were probably added by Ramſay: they are evidently ſpurious.

† The following account of this beautiful ballad is given by the author in his Works:

"*N. B.* In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning peſtle*, old MERRY-THOUGHT enters repeating the following verſes:



Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:

"This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the fore going poem; which was written many years ago."

The entire ballad of which the above ſtanza had ſo fortunate an effect may be found in Dr. Percys *Reliques*, vol. iii. and the *Select collection of Engliſh ſongs*, vol. ii. The "unhappy adventure," here alluded to, was the real hiſtory of a young lady, whoſe hand having been ſcornfully rejected by her inſolent ſeducer, "the news was brought her when in a weak condition, and caſt her into a fever. And in a few days after, I," ſays Mr. Mallet, "ſaw her and her child laid in one grave together." See the *Plain Dealer* (a periodical paper, publiſhed by Mr. Aaron Hill and Mr. Bond, in 1724, and afterward reprinted in two vols. 8vo.) Nos. 36 and 46.

Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yauning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?

Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you ſay my lip 'was' ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
Why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:

Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more.

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GLOSSARY.

A *at, on.* a deid of nicht, *at dead of night.* a fit. *on foot.*
A'. *ab, all.*
Abee. *alone.*
Abeit. *albeit, although.*
Abien. Aboon. *above.*
Ae. *one, only, ſole, each, every.* thy ae brother. *thy only brother.* At ae tift, *at each tift.*
Aff. *off.*
Aik. *oak.*
Aiken. *oaken.*
Ain. *own.*
Air. *early.*
Aiten. *oaten.*
Aits. *oats.*
Alane. *alone.*
Alland. i. 194.
Almry. *cheſt.*
Amſhack. i. 281.
An'. *and.*
An. *if.*
An Ane. *one.*
Ancath. *beneath.*
Ances. *once.*
Anieſt. *next.*
Anither. *another.*
Ann. *if.*
Anter. (*adventure*) *chance, happen.*
Ark. *cheſt.*
Arms. In arms. *arm in arm, in each others arms.*
Aſe. *aſhes.*
A-ſteer. *aſtir, in a clutter or ferment.*
Aſtonyed. *ſtunned.*
Attowre. *over.*
Aucht. *poſſeſſion.*
Aught. *eight.*
Auld. *old.*
Ava. Avae. *of all, at all.*
Avow. *vow.*
Awa'. *away.*
Awa'. *See* Ava.
Awee. *a little.*
Awow. *an exclamation. See* Wow.
Awſome. *awful, frightful, terrible.*
Ay. *ſtill, even*
Ayont. *beyond.*

B.

Bagrie. *trash, trumpery.*
Bailie's wife. *The bailie is, in some Scotish burghs, the principal, in others, an inferior magistrate; resembling, in the former case, the mayor, in the latter, the alderman of a Cornish borough.*
Bairded. *bearded.*
Bairn. Bairns. *child, children.*
Baith. *both.*
Balow. *bush.*
Ban'd. *cursed.*
Bang. bade the bang. *stood out the fight.*
Bannocks. *a sort of thick cakes.*
Banſters. *bindsters, men who bind up the sheaves after the reapers.*
Baps. *rolls of bread.*
Bardies. *bardlings, diminutive of bards.*
Barket. *barked, tanned.*
Basin'd, *or* bawsand. *white-faced, spotted or freckled in the face with white.*
Bauld. *bold.*
Bawbie. *a Scotish coin, the value of an English half-penny.*
Bawty. *a dogs name.*
Be. *by.*
Bear-bread. *barley-bread.*
Bear-meal. *barley-meal.*
Beats. *baits.*
Becket. *curtesyed.*
Bedone. *set.*
Bee. *See* Abee.
Beer (*r.* bear). *barley.*
Bees. wild bees. *capricious humours, extravagant fancies.*
Beforn. *before.*
Beit. *mend, increase, raise.*
Ben. *in, within, this way, here, into this room. See* Butt.
Bend. *drink.*
Benew. *beneath, below.*
Benison. *blessing.*
Be-north. *to the north, or northward of.*
Bent. *Great part of Scotland was formerly, and may be still, unincloſed, uncultivated and barely covered with* bent, *or coarse grass. The* bent *therefor signifies the open country, in opposition to the inclosures or tilled land round or near a village.*
Berne. *barn, child.*
Beuk. *book.*
Beweſt. *to the west, westward of.*
Bicker. *a wooden dish or vessel, out of which ale is drunk.*
Bide. *abide, stay.*
Bielding *shelter.*
Big on. *make on.*
Biggit. *built.*
Bigonet. *cap, or coif.*
Billy. *brother.*
Bing'd. *curtesyed.*

Birk. *birch, birch-tree.*
Birle. *join, club (for liquor); properly to drink, or carouſe.*
Birns. *ſtalks of burnt heath.*
Bladderſkate. *good for nothing fellow.*
Blafnit. i. 195.
Blaw. *blow.*
Bleid. *bleed, bled.*
Bleid. *blood.*
Bleiſe. *blaze.*
Blencht. *white, pale?*
Blin. *ſtop, ceaſe; alſo blind.*
Blink. *light, ſpark.*
Blinkan. *glancing, ſparkling, twinkling.*
Blinkin. *ſhining.*
Blinking. *pinking.*
Blinkit. *glanced, twinkled.*
Blinks. the blythe blinks in her eye. i. 50.
Blurt. *tear.*
Bluter. i. 209.
Boaked. *retched.*
Bobbing. *dancing.*
Bobit. i. 200.
Bodies. *folks, people, perſons.* auld warld bodies. *predeceſſors, people of old, or former times.* peur body. *poor man.*
Bodin. *provided, furniſhed.*
Bonnilie. *prettily.*
Bonny.Bony. *pretty, handſome, beauteous, goodlike.*
Boot. *muſt, behoved to.*
Borrowſtoun merchants. *merchants who reſide in a borough or incorporated town; in contradiſtinction, perhaps, to pedlers or traveling merchants, who only traded for ready money.*
Bot. *but, without.*
Bot and. *and eke, and alſo.*
Boughts. *a* bught *or* bought *is a little fold in which the ewes are incloſed at milking time.*
Bougills. *bugleborns.*
Boun. Bounc. *ready, or prepared to go.*
Bower. *arbour, chamber, womans apartment.*
Bown. *going.*
Bow'r-maid. Bow'r woman. *chamber-maid.*
Bra'. *brave, fine (in apparel), goodlike.*
Brachen, *or* brochen. *a kind of water-gruel, of oatmeal, butter and honey.*
Bracken. *fern.*
Brae. *brow or ſide of a hill, bank, brink.*
Brag. *boaſt, crack.*
Brag. nane durſt him brag. i. 271.
Braid. *broad.*
Braid. *plait.*
Brander. *gridiron.*
Brankit. Scho brankit faſt. *ſhe dreſſed herſelf haſtily.*
Braſt *burſt.* near to braſt. *nearly burſt.*
Braw. *brave, fine.*
Brawny. *ſtout, luſty.*

Breeks. Breiks. *breeches.*
Brechame. *horſe-collar.*
Breckens. *fern.*
Bree. *broth, water in which any thing is boiled.* barley bree. *ale.*
Brenning. *burning.*
Brent. brent her brow, *her forehead high.*
Brere. Briere. *briar.*
Briddel. *bridal,* (*properly bride-ale*), *wedding, nuptial-feaſt.*
Brigue. *bridge.*
Broach. *a brooch, fibula or ornamental buckle, having a broad circular rim, and a ſingle tongue, uſed for faſtening the plaid.*
Brochis. *broches.* See Broach.
Brok. i. 195.
Broo. *broth, water in which any thing is boiled.*
Broom. *heath.*
Broſe. *oatmeal moiſtened with hot water, generally eaten with butter.*
Bruik. *enjoy.* Coud meiſe ſaft love to bruik. ii. 155.
Bruik'd. *lov'd, enjoy'd.*
Brydill renze. *bridle rein.*
Buckies. *a* bucky *is the large ſea ſnail.*
Buckſkins. *Virginians.*
Bughting. *ewe milking.* See Boughts.
Buft. *cuff'd.*
Bun. *backſide.*
Burn. *brook, rivulet.* Lowrie's burn. *river St. Lawrence.*
Burneiſt. *burniſh'd, waſh'd, rub'd.*
Burny. *ſmall burn, brook, rivulet or rill.*
Burrows town. *burgh or borough, a corporate town.*
Buſk. *deck, dreſs, prepare.* buſk up your plaids. *do them up, put them in order.* buſk and boon. *make ready, prepare to go.*
Buſket. *buſked, dreſſed.*
Buſs *buſh.*
Butt. But. gae butt. *go out.* but and ben. *out and in, every where.* a butt and a benn. *an outer and an inner room, a kitchen and a parlour*; *or, as in another ſong,* a ha' houſe and a pantry.
But and. *and eke, and alſo.*
Butter-box. *Dutchmen.*
Byde. *endure.*
Byre. *cow-houſe, or cowſtall.*

C.

Ca'. *call.* Ca'd. *called.* ca'd the bicker aft about. *put it frequently round.*
Caddels. *cawdles, hot pot, made of ale, ſugar, and eggs.*
Cadgie. *briſk, hearty, chearful.*
Cadgily. *chearfully.*
Callour. *cool.*

Camſtairie. *riotous.*
Can. *'gan, began to.*
Can. *knowledge.*
Canker'd. *ill temper'd, peeviſh.*
Canna. *cannot.*
Canny. *neat, alſo knowing.*
Cantraps. *charms, ſpells.*
Canty. *chearful, merry.*
Caps. *cups.*
Carl. carle, *old man. Though the word* auld *is frequently preſixed to this word, it always implies of itſelf a man conſiderably paſt his youth; it would be nonſenſe to ſay* young carle.
Carling. *wife, old woman.*
Carlings. *large grey peaſe.*
Cartes. *cards.*
Caſtocks. *cabbage ſtalks.*
Catyvis. *caitifs, niggards.*
Cauk. *chalk.*
Cauld. *cold.*
Cauler. Cauller. *cool, freſh.*
Ceſs. *a compoſition paid by the inhabitants of the highlands of Scotland to the free-booters of that country, for ſparing their cattle and effects, better known by the name of* black mail.
Chancy. *fortunate.*
Chap. *perſon.*
Chap. *knock.*
Chapped ſtocks. i. 182.
Chappin. *chopine, the Engliſh quart.*
Chaſt. *chaſtity.*
Cheip. *ſqueak, chirp, make the leaſt noiſe.*
Cheis. *chooſe.*
Chield. *youth, young fellow, "a ſlight or familiar way of ſpeaking of a perſon."*
Chriſtendie. *Chriſtendom,* i. e. *thoſe parts of the world in which Chriſtianity is profeſſed.*
Cla'. *See* Claw.
Clag. *fault, failing, imperfection.*
Claiſe. *clothes.*
Claithing. *cloathing.*
Clapping. *embracing.*
Claw. *ſcratch the faces of their enemies with their broad ſwords.*
Claymore. *broadſword.*
Clead. *cloath.*
Clean. *quite.*
Cled. *clad, cloathed.*
Cleiro. *din, ſhrill loud noiſe.*
Cliding. *cloathing.*
Clinked. i. 282. *joined, tied or fixed.*
Cliver. *clever, active.*
Clocken hen. *clucking-hen, hatching-hen.*
Clok. *beetle.*
Cock. i. 244.
Cock laird, *petty laird?* (Q. unde.)
Cocks. i. 282.
Cocky. i. 246.
Coft. *bought.*
Cog. *milk-pail.*
Coggie. Cogie. *diminutive of* cog
Cogues. Coig. *a* cog, *or* cogue

(*according to Ramsey*) *is a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in. It is also a drinking vessel of the same materials, differing from the* bicker *in having no handle.*

Colly. *the shepherds dog.*

Conjunct fee. *jointure.*

Coost, *cast.*

Coots. *literally* (*hare*) *ancles, but here, perhaps, some sort of half gaiters, of cloth or leather.*

Crack. *chat.*

Cragy. *neck.*

Craig. *crag, rock.*

Cramasie. *crimson.*

Cranshaks. *bandy-legged persons.*

Crap. *crept.*

Creill. *a sort of stout basket, made to be carried on the back of a man or horse.*

Crook. crook my knee. *pretend to be lame.*

Cross. sci. *of Edinburgh.*

Crouse. *brisk, smart, stout.*

Crowdie. *oatmeal moistened with cold water.*

Crowdy mowdy. *a sort of gruel.*

Cud. *could.*

Cummers. *gossips.*

Curroch. (Gaelic.) *a coracle, or small highland fishing boat; also a sledge.*

Curtsey. i. 99.

Cutty. *short.* Cutty gun *is supposed to be a cant phrase for a short pipe.*

D.

Da. *daw, sluggard, or lazy, idle person.*

Daffin. *folly.*

Daft. *foolish.*

Dandering. *wandering to and fro, sauntering,* &c. *Q. Lord Hailes's authority for this word.*

Dang. *put down, overcame.*

Darrd. *fell without effect?*

Dart. *hit.*

Dather. *daughter.*

Daunton. *daunt, affright.*

Dawty, *fondling, darling.*

Dead-bell. *death-bell, passing-bell.*

Deads. *deaths.*

Deal. *distribute.*

Dearie. *little dear, a term of affection.*

Deid. *death.*

Deme. *dame, mother.*

Deimt. *deemed.*

Describing. *describing.*

Dighted. *wiped, cleaned.*

Dice. set with mony a dice. *set with figures of dice, done in chequer work.*

Dikes. *ditches.*

Dilp. i. 281.

Dilse. *sea-weed.*

Din. *noise.*

Ding. *throw.*

Dinna. *do not.*

Dinsom. *noisy.*

Disna. *does not.*
Dochter. *daughter.*
Doggie. *little dog.*
Dominies. *parsons, ministers.*
Don on. *do on, put on.*
Dool! *an exclamation of sorrow, pain, grief, mourning, or the like.*
Door. ii. 45.
Dosend. *lifeless, cold, impotent.*
Dought. *could, was able.*
Doure. *stout, stubborn, sullen.*
Dow. *dove.*
Dow. *can, is able to.*
Dowie. *sad, doleful, melancholly.*
Downa. *cannot, am unable to.*
Draff. *grains.*
Dragen. i. 211.
Drammock. *meal and water mixed raw.*
Drappie. *little drop.*
Dree. *suffer, endure.*
Dreips. *drops.*
Dribbles. *drops.* Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff. i. e. *no brewing of ale goes in, no drops of drink run through the malt.*
Drie. *suffer, endure, undergo.* as fast as she could drie. *as fast as she was able.*
Dring. *miser, covetous person.*
Drumbly. *disturbed, muddy.*
Dub. *little pool.*
Dublaris. *pewter dishes of the largest size.*
Duddies. *rags, tatters.*
Duddy. *ragged, tattered.*
Dud sark. *bit shift, rag of shift.*
Dule. *dole, sorrow, grief, pain.*
Duleful. *doleful, sorrowful, painful.*
Dung. *put down, conquered.*
Durk. *Highland daggers.*
Dwam. *qualm, fainting fit.*
Dyne. *dinner* (rhythmi gratiâ). *So, however, in another Scotish ballad, never printed:*

" The king but and his nobles a'
" Sat drinking at the wine;
" He would ha' nane but his ae daughter,
" To wait on them AT DYNE."

BROWN ROBIN.

E.

Eard. *earth.*
Earn. *coagulate.*
Easments. *tenements, rooms.*
Ee. *eye.*
Eelift. i. 244.
Een. *eyes.*
E'en. *even, evening.* at e'en. *in the evening.* ee'ens, *even as.*
Eild. *age.*
Eir. *ever.*

Eſchew. *avoid.*
Ettled. *aimed.*
Ew-bughts. *folds, pens, or ſmall incloſures, where the ewes are milked.*
Ewie. *diminutive of* ewe.
Ery, *or* Iry. *afraid of*

F.

Fa'. *fall.*
Fadge. *a thick loaf of bread, figuratively, any coarſe heap of ſtuff.*
Fae. *faith.*
Fain. *glad*; fidging fain, *itching with joy.*
Fairly. *wonder.*
Fairntickl'd. *freckled.*
Fan. *when.* (Buchans.)
Fardles. *oat-cakes, baked thin, and cut into four parts.*
Fare. *go.*
Faſh. nc'er faſh. *never vex or trouble yourſelf.* faſh nae mair wi' me. *trouble yourſelf no more with me, about me, or trouble me no more.*
Faſh'd na. *troubled not.*
Fat. *what.* (Buchans.)
Faucht. *fight, fought.*
Fauld. *fold.* mony fauld. *manyfold, many times.*
Fawn. *fallen.*
Fead. *feud, hatred, quarrel.*
Fecht. Fechting, *fight, fighting.*
Feck. *part, quantity.* mony feck. *a great number.* Maiſt feck. *the greateſt part.*
Fecket. *flecked, particoloured.*
Feingit. *feigned.*
Feind. *devil.*
Fere. in fere. *together.*
Feris. *companions.*
Ferliet. *wondered.*
Ferſs. *fierce.*
Fey. *predeſtinated, to that end, doomed to die, under a fatality.*
Fidder. *fother,* 1 2 8lb.
Fidging fain. *See* Fain.
Fit. a fit. *on foot.*
Flees. *flies.*
Fleeching. *coaxing, flattering.*
Flet. *flyted, ſcolded.*
Flie. *flea.*
Flinders. *pieces, ſplinters.*
Flings. *kicks.*
Flouks. *flounders, ſoles.*
Flowan. *flowing.*
Flytin. *chiding, ſcolding.*
Fodgel. *fat.*
Fog. *aftergraſs.*
Forby. *beſides.*
Fore. to the fore. *remaining, in exiſtence, in being.*
Forfairn. *tired, wearied?*
Forgather d. Forgatherit. *encountered, met.*
Forpet. *fourth part of a peck.*
Forſta me. *underſtand me.*
Fou. *full, drunk.*
Fouk. *folks, people.*

Fourugh. ii. 74.
Fouth. *abundance, plenty.*
Fow. *full, drunk.*
Frae. *from.*
Freits. *frights, illomens.* Them luiks to freits, &c. *those to whom things appear frightful or ominous will be always followed by frightful or ominous things.*
Froe. *from.*
Fu' *full, drunk.*
Fuds. ii. 56.
Fumart. *polecat.*
Fun'. *found.*
Furichinish. ii.
Furlee. *a measure.*
Fust. And ais the laverok is fust and loddin. i. e. "*the lark is wasted and swollen. It seems to be a cant proverbial expression, for Dinner is ready.*" LORD HAILES. *His Lordship, however, has afterwards placed it among the passages not understood.*
Fut braid sawin. *corn sufficient to sow a foot-breadth, or a foot-breadth of ground, on which one may sow.* LORD HAILES.
Fyl'd. *foul'd.*

G.

Gab. *mouth.*
Gaberlunzie. *a wallet that hangs on the side or loins. So, in sir D. Lindsays* Satyre of the thrie estaits', *Edin.* 1602. "Beir ze that bag upon zourLUNZIE."
Gaberlunzie-man. *a wallet man or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a jack of all trades.*
Gade. *went.*
Gae. *go, gave.*
Gaed, Gae'd. *went.*
Ga'en. *going.*
Gaid. *went.*
Gaif. *gave.*
Gainsays. *denies, contradicts* (sub. *it*).
Gain-stands. *opposes.*
Gait. to the gait. *gone off.*
Gane. *gone.*
Gang. *go.* Ganging. *going.*
Gappocks. i. 211.
Gar. *cause.*
Gardies. *arms.*
Garse. *grass.*
Gart. *caused, made.*
Gat. *begot.*
Gate. *lane, gait, gesture.*
Gates. *ways.*
Gaun. Gawn. *going.*
Gear. *wealth, property, goods of any kind*; head-gear, *head-dress.*
Geck'd. *flouted, mocked*; gecking *is casting up the head in derision.*
Ged heme. *went home.*
Gee. *give.*
Gee. *pet, sulks.*
Geid. *gave.*

Ghaiſt. *ghoſt.*
Gi. Gic. Gi'e. *give.* Gie'd. *gave.* Gies, *gives.*
Gimmers, *ewe ſheep under two years old*
Gimp. *jimp, ſlender.*
Gin. *given.*
Gin. *if, but.*
Girnels. *granaries.*
Gither. the gither. *together*; a' the gither. *altogether.*
Glaked, *idle, fooliſh.*
Glamer. *charm, ſpell.* "*When devils, wizards or jugglers,*" *ſays Ramſay,* "*deceive the ſight, they are ſaid to caſt* glamour *o'er the eyes of the ſpectator.*"
Gleed. *one-eyed.*
Glen. *a narrow valley between mountains.*
Glent. *ſhine, glitter.*
Gleyd. Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch. *a lame old horſe fallen over a cliff?*
Glie. *glee, mirth.*
Gliſt. *gliſtened, glittered.*
Gloom. *frown, ſcowl.*
Glowming. *twilight, evening gloom.*
Glowr. *ſtare, look earneſtly, look ſtern.*
Glowran. *looking watchfully.*
Glowr'd. *look'd earneſtly.*
Gluve. ii. 3 r.
Gnidge. *pinch.*
Goake *ſimpleton.* a gowk *is properly the cuckow.*
Gods-pennie. *earneſt-money, to bind the bargain.*
Goodman. *huſband, maſter of the houſe*; the good man of day, *the ſun.*
Good wife. *miſtreſs.*
Gooſhets. *ſtocking clocks.*
Gou'd. *gold.*
Gowan. *field daiſey, common yellow crowfoot or gold cup, dandelion,* &c.
Gowd. *gold.*
Gowden. *golden, as gold.*
Gowdſpink. *gold-finch.*
Gowff'd. *ſtruck, a metaphor from the game of* golf, *a ſort of ruſtic tennis.*
Grain'd. *groan'd.*
Graith'd. gowden graith'd. trapp'd. *capariſon'd with gold.*
Grat. *cryed, wept.*
Gree. *agree.*
Gree. *prize, victory.*
Greet. *cry, weep.*
Greet. *cry.*
Greiting. *weeping, tears.*
Grite. *See* Greet.
Grots. *mill'd oats.*
Gryce. *pig.*
Gude. Guid. *good.*
Gude-man. *good-man, huſband, maſter of the houſe.*
Guſs. *gooſe.*
Gutcher. *good ſire, grandfather.*
Gyles. *guiles.*

H.

Ha'. *hall.*

Hacket-kail. *baſhed cole-worts.*

Ha'd. *hold.*

Had. as had us in pottage. *&c. read* as [will] had, i. e. *hold or keep.*

Had away. *hold away, keep away.*

Hadden. *holden.*

Hads. *holds, keeps.*

Hae. *have.* Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie. *hold,* tenez.

Haff. Haflens. *half.*

Haggize. *haggis, a pudding made of a ſheeps pluck minced with ſuet, boiled in the ſtomach of the animal; a favourite diſh in Scotland.*

Hail. *whole.*

Hair-mould. *mouldy, boar or white with mould.*

Hald. Hauld. *hold, habitation, fortreſs.*

Hale-ſale. *wholeſale.*

Haleſome. *wholeſome, healthful.*

Hallanſhaker. *raggamuffin, beggerly wretch.* "*A* hallan," *according to Ramſey,* "*is a fence (built of ſtone, turf, or a moveable flake of heather) at the ſides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant, he adds, about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is all expreſſed in the term* hallenſhaker." *It may, however, with equal probability, be derived from* haillons (*rags*). *F.*

Haper Gallic. *Gaelic, Erſe.* "Aber-Gaelik, *ſpeak Iriſh.*" Crawford's Notes on Buchanan, p. 15.

Happity leg, *lame leg.*

Harn ſheet. *coarſe linen cloth uſed among the poorer people, for ſhirts and ſheets.*

Haughs. *valleys, or low grounds on the ſides of rivers.*

Hauſs-bane. *neck-bone, neck.*

Hawick gill. *half a mutchkin, double the ordinary gill: ſo called from the town of that name.*

Hawkit. *white faced.*

Haws. *See* Haughs.

Haws'd her. *took her about the neck, embraced her.*

Heal. *whole.*

Heartſome. *happy.*

Hecht. Heght. *promiſed.*

Heeze. *to lift up, raiſe.*

Heezy. i. 183.

Heid. *behead.*

Heidit. *beheaded.*

Heiden hill. *beheading-hill, place of execution.*

Heir. *inherit.*
Hek. *heck, rack, out of which the cattle eat their hay or straw.*
Hellim. *helm, rudder.*
Hether. *heath.*
Heyd. *hyed.*
Hight. *promised.*
Hind. far hind. *far beyond.*
Hinny. my hinny. *my honey.*
Hint. a hint. *behind.*
His. *has.*
Hobbil. *cobble, patch, mend.*
Hoggers. *coarse stockings without feet.*
Holt. *wood?*
Hool. *husk.*
Hooly. *softly, slowly.*
Hough. *thigh.*
How. i. 210, 279, *hollow.*
How. i. 238, *hollow.*
Howms. *holms, plains on a river side.*
Huch. *heugh, cliff, the broken or steep side of a hill.*
Hund. *hound.* hund the tykes. *cause the dogs to keep the sheep together.*
Hunder. *hundred.*
Hurklen. *crouching.*
Huffy'fskap. *housewifeship, housewifery.*
Hynd. *peasant.*

I.

Ilfardly. *illfavouredly, after an ugly fashion.*
Ilk. Ilka. *each, every.*
Ingle. *fire.*
Ingraff. *engrave.*
Insight. *household furniture, in-door stock.*
Into. *in.*
Irie. *afraid of apparitions.*
Irks. *feels uneasy or distressed.*
Ise. *I shall.*
Ither. *other, each other.*

J.

Jack. *a fencible jacket, made with thin pieces of iron quilted in.* "*By* 8*7th statute, parliament* 6 *James V. it was provided that all* yeamen *have* jackes *of* plate." LORD HAILES.
Jag. i. 271.
Jak. *See* Jack.
Japin. *jesting, jeering, mocking, foolish talk.*
Jaw. *pour, throw out.*
Jee'd. *mov'd.*
Jimp. *slender, tight.*
Jo. *sweetheart.*
Jow. *jowl, jolt, knell. Mr. Burns justly observes that this word "includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell."*
Jooks. *low bows.*
Jupe. *upper garment.*

K.

Kail. *coleworts, a plant much used in Scotland for pot-*

tage.

Kail-yard. *the little yard or garden in which the cole-worts grow.*

Kain. *In Scotland, beſides rent, the tenant is often obliged to give his landlord hens, ducks, or other articles, which are called* kain-hens, *&c.* "Sair he paid the kain" *will therefor mean, he ſuffered more grievously than others; was treated with particular ſeverity.*

Kame. *comb.*

Kebbock. *cheeſe.* Kebbucks. *cheeſes.*

Keek. *look, peep.*

Keeking-glaſs. *looking-glaſs.*

Keel. *See* Keil.

Keepit. *kept.*

Keil. *red-ochre.*

Ken. *know.* Ken'd. *knew.* Kent. *known.*

Kent. *a long ſtaff uſed by ſhepherds for leaping over ditches.*

Kimmer. *cummer, goſſip,* commere, F.

Kinnen. *rabbit.*

Kirk. *church.*

Kirn. *churn.*

Kirtles. *upper petticoats.*

Kiſt. *cheſt.* Kiſt fou of whiſtles. *organ.*

Kit. *a ſmall wooden veſſel hooped and ſtaved.*

Kith and kin. *acquaintance and kindred.*

Ky. *cows.*

Kyne. *kin, race.*

Knak. *mock or jeſt.*

Knockit. *beat, bruiſed.*

Knowe. *knoll, hillock.*

Kog. *See* Cogue.

Kurchis. *kerchiefs.*

Kyrtle. *upper petticoat.*

Kyth. *See* Kith.

Kythed. *ſhown.*

L.

Lack. *want.*

Ladſes'. *lads*; *a ſort of double plural.*

Lag. *hindmoſt.*

Laid. *load.*

Laird. *landed-gentleman.*

Laigh. *low.*

Lain. a' my lain. *all alone.* ze're zour lain. *you're alone.* nane but hir lain. *none but herſelf.*

Lairie. *marſh or bog.*

Laith. *loth.*

Lal'ands. *lowlands, low country; the ſouth and eaſt parts of Scotland ſo called, where the Engliſh language prevails, in contradiſtinction to the highlands, of which the common ſpeech is Gaelic or Iriſh.*

Land'art town. *country village.*

Lane. her lane. *alone, by herſelf.* to my lane. *a-*

lone, by myſelf.
Lang. *long.* langs. *longas.*
Lang-kail. *pottage made of coleworts.*
Langer. *longer.* Langeſt. *longeſt.*
Langſome. *long, tedious.*
Lap. *leaped.*
Lapper'd-milk. *milk become ſour and clotted by long keeping.*
Lapwing. *the grey plover.*
Lauch'd. *laugh'd.*
Lauchters. *laughs.*
Laugh. *law.*
Lave. *reſt.*
Laverok. *lark.*
Law. *low.*
Lawing free. *ſhot-free.*
Lay. *allay, alleviate.*
Leal. *true, honeſt.*
Lear'd. *learned, acquired.*
Lee. *ground in paſture.* lilly-white lee. i. 130.
Leech. *phyſician.*
Leel. *honeſt.*
Leeſe me. Leez me. *a phraſe uſed when one loves or is pleaſed with any thing.*
Leglen. *milking-pail.*
Leigh. *low.* Leighlands. *lowlands.*
Leir. *learn.*
Lemanleſs. *without husbands or lovers.*
Lemman. *lover, gallant, ſweetheart.*
Lemmane, *miſtreſs, concubine.*
Lenno. i. 190.
Leuch. Leugh. *laughed.*
Lever. *ſooner, rather.*
Lick. *ſly cunning rogue, cheat.*
Liges. *lieges, ſubjects.*
Lightly. *ſlight, treat diſreſpectfully.*
Lilteth. *runs.*
Lilting. *merry making, ſinging, dancing to muſic; alſo running.*
Limmers. *whores.*
Linking. *walking quick, tripping.*
Linkome twyne. *cloth or thread manufactured at Lincoln.*
Lintwhite. *linnet.*
Lit. *dye, colour.*
Lithe. *attend, hearken.*
Lift. *firmament.*
Lig. *lye.*
Loake. *portion, piece or ſhare of ſomething.*
Loaning. *a little common near country villages, generally the head of a lane, where the cows are milked.*
Loch. *lake.*
Loddin. *See* Fuſt.
Lo'e. Loo. *love.* Loo'd *loved.*
Loon. *rogue, fellow*
Loos'd. *ſet off, begun the battle.*
Loot. *let, ſuffered.*
Loſel. *idle raſcal, worthleſs wretch.*
Loun. *worthleſs fellow.*
Loup. *leap.*

Lourd. *wiſhed?*
Lout. *ſtoop, bow down.* louted her down. *ſtooped down.*
Low. *blaze, flame.*
Lown. *rogue, raſcal.*
Lowns. *is lown, calm, ſtill?*
Luck. *have the good fortune; alſo encloſe, ſhut up, faſten*
Lucken. *cloſe, growing cloſely together, or cloſe joined to one another.*
Lucky young. *too young.*
Lue. *love.* Lued. *loved.*
Lugs. *ears.*
Luik. *look.*
Luk. *look, ſearch.* I zern fulfane To luk my heid, and ſit down by you. i. e. "*I earneſtly long to ſit down at your ſide, after having firſt ſearched my head, that there be no animals about me.*" LORD HAILES*.
Lurdanes. *lordings?* Lurdane *means properly dunce, blockhead, ſot; not, as has been fooliſhly imagined, from* lord Dane, *but from* lourdin, *or* falourdin. *French.*
Luve. *love.* Luver. *lover.*
Lyart. *hoary, grey-haired.*
Lythe, *ſhelter, ſhade, ſituation protected from the ſun.*

M.

Mabbies. *mabs, mobs, caps.*
Mac. *more.*
Mae. *the cry of the lamb.*
Maik. *mate, fellow, marrow, like.*
Main'd. *moan'd.*
Mair. *more.*
Maiſt. *moſt.*
Mait. *might.*
Mane. *moan.*
Mang. like to mang. *like mad?*
Marrow. *mate*
Maſkene-fatt. *maſhing-fat, a large veſſel uſed in brew-*

* A Spaniſh lovers ſweetheart, in this caſe, would probably have taken that care upon herſelf. "Our pleaſurable ideas," ſays Mr. Swinburne, "were a little ruffled by the ſight of ſome hundred of women in the villages [in Valencia] ſitting in the ſun louſing each other, or their huſbands and children. When a young woman," he adds, "condeſcends to ſeek for lice in a mans head, it is ſuppoſed that the laſt favours have been granted by the fair one, or at leaſt that he may have them for aſking." *Travels in Spain*, p. 93. This country ſeems two or three centuries behind Scotland in point of decency.

ing.
Maſkin-pat. *tea-pot.*
Ma't. *malt.*
Mat. *might.*
Maukin. *hare.*
Maun. *muſt.* Maunna. *muſt not.*
Mavis. *thruſh.*
Mawking. *hare.*
May. *maid, young woman.*
Mazer diſh. *a drinking cup of maple. The original reading (thus altered by Dr. Percy) is* ezar, *which he explains* azure.
Meal-kail. *ſoup with pot-herbs and meal.*
Meaſe. *meſs,* i. e. *to make up the number four.*
Meikle. *much.*
Meil-ſek. *meal-ſack.*
Meiſe. *move, ſoften, mollify.*
Mel. *meddle, interfere.*
Menſe. *grace, decorate.*
Menzie. *company, retinue, followers.*
Merk. *marks. The Scotiſh mark is, at preſent, a nominal coin, value* 1*s.* 1⅓*d. Engliſh.*
Meſhanter. *miſadventure, misfortune, diſaſter*
Mickle. *much.*
Milk-Lowie. *milk-bowl, wooden veſſel into which the ewes are milked.*
Milk-ſyth. *milk-ſtrainer*
Mill. *ſnuff-horn, ſnuff-box.*
Minny. *mother.*
Minſtrels. *muſicians, fidlers, pipers.*
Mirk. *dark.*
Miſanter. *miſadventure.*
Miſter. *need.* their miſter. *what they need or want, the neceſſaries of life.*
Mither's. *mothers.*
Mittans. *woolen or worſted gloves.*
Moggans. *The ſame with* hoggars, *which ſee.*
Mony. *many.*
Mote. *might.* what mote bee. *what it might be, what might be the matter.*
Mou. *mouth.*
Mought. *might.*
Mucked. *cleanſed.*
Muckle. *much; alſo, great, large.*
Mudie. ii. 23.
Muir. *moor.*
Mun. *muſt.*
Mutches. *linen coifs or hoods*
Mutchkin. *a liquid meaſure, the quantity of an Engliſh pint.*
Myſell. *myſelf.*

N.

Na. Nae. *no, not.*
Naething. *nothing.*
Nainſell. Her nainſell. Hur nane ſell. *Hur nown ſelf; in ridicule of the highlander's firſt attempts to ſpeak Engliſh.*

Nane. *none.*
Neeſt. *next.*
Neez. i. 275.
Nieſt. *next.*
Nocht. *not.*
Nor. *than.*
Norland. *north, northern.*
Norſe. *Norway.* Norſs. *Norways.*
Notour. *notorious*
Nought. *nothing.*
Nout feet. *neats-feet, cow-heels.*
Nurice-fee. *nurſe's fee.*

O.

O'. *of.*
Obraid. *upbraid.*
'Oman. *woman.*
Ony. *any.*
Or. *ere, before.*
Oriſons. *prayers.*
Our. *over.*
Out-ſhinn'd. *bowlegg'd.*
Out-ſight. *out-door ſtock.*
Owr. Owre. *over.* Owr word. *burthen (of a ſong).*
Owrlay. *cravat.*
Owſen. *oxen.*
Oxter. *arm-pit.* in his oxter. *under his arm.*

P.

Pa. *paw, hand.*
Pa'. ii. 65, 67.
Pack. *gang, parcel of people.*
Paction, *contract, agreement.*
Padell. i. 194.
Paiks. got their paiks. *got well beat.*
Parridge ſpurtle. *a ſort of iron ſpoon uſed to oatmeal pudding?*
Partons. *crab-fiſh.*
Pat. *pot.*
Pat. *put.*
Paw. ii. 45.
Pawky. *ſly, ſhrewd, cunning.*
Pearl blue. *light blue.*
Pearling. Pearlins. *thread-lace.*
Peat pat. *place where peats are dug.*
Peet-creel. *a wicker baſket in which peats or turves are carried.*
Pepper-polk. i. 194.
Pethaw. *ſhow.*
Pens. *plumes, finery.*
Philabeg. *little kilt, the kind of ſhort petticoat worn by the highlanders inſtead of breeches.*
Phraze. *noiſe, fuſs.*
Pibrochs. *martial tunes, ſo called, peculiar to the highlanders, and performed on the bagpipe; of which ſee a fine and curious deſcription in Dr. Beatties* Eſſays on laughter and ludicrous compoſition (*a note*).
Pickle. *ſmall ſhare.* Pickles. *ſmall quantities.*

Pinners. *a particular ornament for the head, not now in use.*
Pint-ſtoup. *See* Stoup.
Pith. *ſtrength, might, force.*
Placads. *placards, public proclamations.*
Plack. *a Scotiſh coin, value two bodals (bothwells) or 4d. Scotiſh,* i. e. *the third of a penny Engliſh.*
Plaidie. *a piece of chequered and variegated ſtuff, which the women wear by way of a hood. See* Tartan.
Plaiding. *See* Tartan.
Plak. *See* Plack.
Playand. *playing.*
Pled. *pleaded.*
Pleen. *complain.*
Pleniſhing. *ſtock.*
Plett. *plaited.*
Plouckie-fac'd. *pimpled.*
Pluche. *plough.*
Pockpuds. *poke-puddings, or pudding-pokes, a name of deriſion given to the Engliſh, from their attachment to the bag-pudding.*
Pou. *pull.* Pou'd. *pulled.*
Pow. *poll, ſcull, pate, head.*
Pow-ſodie. *ram-head ſoup.*
Preſs. ii. 111.
Prick'd. *ſpur'd.*
Pri'd. *See* Prie.
Prie. *prove, taſte, try.* Pried. Priv'd. *proved, taſted, tried.*
Priving. *proof, taſte, trial.*
Progues. *brogues; highland ſhoes, made of the raw hide, without ſoals.*
Protty. *pretty, bonny.*
Pud. *pulled.* Puing. *pulling.*
Puddy. *a kind of cloth, not now uſed.*
Putted the ſtane. *threw the ſtone, a country exerciſe.*

Q.

Quarters. *lodgings.*
Quat. *quit, quitted.*
Quey. *heifer, or young cow.*
Quha. *who.*
Quharfoir. *wherefor.*
Quhat. Quhaten a. Quhatten. *what.*
Quhen. *when.*
Quher. *where.*
Quhilk. *which.*
Quhittil. *whittle, knife.*
Quhyle. *while.*
Quod. *quoth, ſay, ſays, ſaid.*

R.

Rade. *rode.*
Randy. i. 183.
Rang. *reigned.*
Rant. *roar, be jovial, be jolly.*
Ranted. *talked loud, made a noiſe, were or was jovial.*
Rantin. a ranting fire. *a roaring fire.*
Rantry-tree. *rown-tree, the*

mountain aſh, a preſervative againſt witchcraft.
Ranty-tanty. i. 182.
Rax. *reach, ſtretch.* Rax the rout. ii. 74.
Ream. *cream.*
Reave. *bereave.*
Reck. *care.* What recks. *what ſignifies. See* What reck.
Red coats. *Engliſh ſoldiers.*
Rede. *advice.*
Rede. *adviſe.*
Reek. *ſmoke.* Reeking-het. *ſmoking hot.*
Reft. *bereft.*
Regal. *regale.*
Remead. *remedy.*
Revers. *robbers, pirates, bandi.tti.*
Rin. *run.*
Ring. *reign.*
Ringle-ey'd. *with weak blue eyes.*
Rive. *ſplit, burſt.*
Rock: *diſtaff.*
Rokely. *long cloak.*
Roſts. *roaſts, any thing requiring to be broiled.*
Row. *roll, wrap.* Row'd. *rolled, wrapped.*
Rowth. *plenty, abundance.*
Rude. *rood, croſs.*
Rullions. *a ſort of brogues or ſhoes made from the raw hide, when taken from the beaſt, and ſhaped to the feet without other preparation.*
Runkled. *wrinkled.*
Ruſe. toom ruſe. *empty boaſt?*
Ryal. *royal.*
Ryfarts. *radiſhes.*

S.

Sae. *ſo.*
Saft. *ſoft.* Saftly. *ſoftly.*
Sair. *ſore.*
Sakeleſs. *innocent.*
Sall. *ſhall.*
Sald. *ſold.* ſald by kind. ii. 122.
Samen. *ſame.*
Sangs. *ſongs.*
Sark. *ſhirt, ſhift.* ſark of God. *ſurplice.*
Sarked. *ſhifted, ſmocked.*
Saucht. *quiet.*
Saul. *ſoul.*
Saut. *ſalt.*
Saw. *ſaying, maxim, proverbial expreſſion.*
Scadlips. i. 211.
Scale. *ſpread, diſperſe, fly different ways.*
Scant. *ſcarce; alſo penurious.*
Scantly. *ſcarcely.*
Scheit. *ſheet.*
Schene. *ſheen, ſhining.*
Schiples, *ſhipleſs, without ſhips.*
Scho. *ſhe.*
Schone. *ſhoes.*
Schro. *beſhrew, curſe.* I

fchro the lyar, fu leis me zow. "*curfe you for* [*a*] *liar, I love you heartily.*" LORD HAILES.

Schuke. *fhook.*

Schule. *fhovel.*

Schynand. *fhining.*

Scornfu'. *fcornful.*

Scraps. *fcrapes.*

Scrimped. *poor, mean, bare.*

Scrimpit. *narrow, contracted, covetous.*

Scuds. *ale.*

Scuff. *bruſh, go or walk fwiftly, as if fcarcely to touch the ground.*

Scull. i. 190.

Scim. *femblance.*

Sel. Sell. *felf.*

Sen. *fince.*

Se'nteen. *feventeenth.*

Scfs. *feſſes, taxes.*

Scugh. *furrow, ditch*

Scy. greenfey apron. *fay, a kind of woolen ſtuff.*

Seyd. *eſſay'd, tryed.*

Shanks. *legs.* rade on good fhanks nagy. *a cant phraſe for walked.*

Shath-mont. "*Shathmont, in old Scotiſh, means the fiſt cloſed with the thumb extended.*" Scots Muſical Muſeum. Q.

Shaw. *wood, or woody bank.*

Sheenc. ſilken fheenc. *ſhining ſilk.*

Sheenc. *ſhocs.*

Shent. *hurt, confounded.*

Shield. *a* fhield, *or* fhealing *is a ſlight or temporary erection by ſhepherds or herdſmen on the mountains for the convenience, in ſummer, of attending their flocks or cattle.*

Shimmer'd. *ſhone.* Shimmering. *ſhining.*

Shog. *jog.*

Shoo. *ſhoe.* ſo ill to fhoo. *ſo difficult to pleaſe; a metaphor from the ſmiths ſhop.*

Shoon. *ſhoes.*

Shot the lock. *put back the bolt; opened the door.*

Shure. *ſhore, ſheer'd.*

Shute. *ſhout.*

Shyre. As fhyre a lick. *as clean a cheat; properly clear, pure.*

Sic. *ſuch.*

Sicht. *ſighed.*

Sick. Sickan. Sicken. Sike. *ſuch.*

Sike. *a little rill, commonly dry in ſummer.*

Siker. *ſure.*

Siklike. *ſuch like.*

Silder. *ſilver.*

Siller. *ſilver, money*; l'argent.

Sindle. *ſeldom.*

Sine. Sin ſyne. *ſince.*

Sith. *ſince.*

Skaith. *hurt.*

Skair. *ſcare, fright.*

Skant. *See* Scant.

Skerſs. *ſcarce.*

Skink. *a kind of ſtrong bre.th*

made of cows hams or knuckles.

Skinkled. *sparkled.*

Skipper. *master of a small vessel.*

Sklaif. *slave.*

Slaes. *sloes.*

Slaid. *slew.*

Slaited. ii. 163. "*whetted*; *or, perhaps, wiped.*" P.

Slee. *sly.*

Slim. *a* slim *person is one that cannot be trusted.*

Smore. *smother.*

Smurtl'd. *smiled.*

Smyleſs. *smileleſs, dejected, ſorrowful.*

Snae. Snaw. *ſnow.*

Sned. *cut.*

Sneezing. *ſnuff.*

Snell. *loud.*

Sniſhing. "*In its literal meaning is ſnuff made of tobacco*; *but in this ſong it means ſometimes contentment, a huſband, love, money,* &c." RAMSAY.

Snood. *band or fillet for tying up a young woman's hair.*

Snout. *noſe.*

Soddin. *ſeethed, enough boiled.*

Sodgers. *ſoldiers.*

Soud. *ſhould.*

Soughing. *ſighing*; *an expreſſion peculiar to the ſound made by the wind among trees,* &c.

Soums. *ſcores.*

Sounding. *blowing his horn.*

Soup. *ſup, ſmall quantity.*

Souple. *ſwift, nimble*; *alſo flexible.*

Sowens. *flummery*; *oatmeal ſowſed in water till ſour, then boiled to a conſiſtency and eaten with milk or butter.*

Sow-libber. *ſow-gelder.*

Soy. ſilken ſoy. ii. 24.

Spack. *ſpoke.*

Spear. *aſk.*

Speel'd. *climb'd, climb.*

Speer. *aſk, enquire.*

Speere. *The* ſpeere *was a hole in the wall of a houſe through which the family received and anſwered the enquiries of ſtrangers, without being under the neceſſity of opening the door or window.*

Speir. *aſk.*

Speldens. *dry'd white-fiſh.*

Spier'd. *aſk'd.*

Spill. *ſpoil, deſtroy.*

Spindles and whorles. *implements uſed in ſpinning with the diſtaff.*

Spiogs. i. 189.

Splee-fitted. *ſplay-footed.*

Spring. *tune.*

Spurtill. i. 194.

Stalwart. *ſtrong, ſtout, valiant.*

Stanc'd. *ſtationed.*

Stank. *large pond or pool of ſtanding water.*

Staw. *ſtole.*

Stean *ſtone.*
Stended. *ſtalked, moved with long ſteps.*
Steeks. *cloſes, ſhuts.*
Steeks. *ſtreaks.*
Steer. *ſtir.* I winna ſteer thee. i. 267.
Stent. *ſtop, ceaſe.*
Stenze. i. 195.
Sting. i. 254. *See the note.*
Stint. *ſtopped.*
Stirk. *bullock.*
Stocks i. 182.
Stoup. *a veſſel for meaſuring or holding liquor; as the gill-ſtoup, mutchkin-ſtoup, choppine-ſtoup, pint-ſtoup, quart-ſtoup, gallon-ſtoup, water-ſtoup; alſo a pillar, as* ſtoup of weir.
Stoure. *duſt (in motion).*
Stoun. Stown. *ſtolen.*
Strae. *ſtraw.* Had fair ſtrae death tane her awa! *had ſhe dyed a natural death.*
Straif. *ſtrove.*
Straiks. *ſtrokes.* Strake. *ſtroke.*
Strake. Straked. *ſtruck.*
Strick. *ſtrict.*
Sturt. *trouble, vexation.*
Sune. *ſoon*
Suffie. *care, anxiety, trouble.*
Suthron. *(ſouthern) Engliſh.*
Swaird. *graſſy ſurface of the ground.*
Swankies. *ſwainkins, clever young fellows.*
Swacts. i. 212.
Swak. i. 262.
Swapped. *exchanged.*
Swats. *ſmall ale.*
Swear. Sweer. *backward, unwilling, averſe.*
Swith. *quickly.*
Sybows. *young onions.*
Syke. *See* Sike.
Syne. *after, after that, afterward, then.* ſune as ſyne. *ſoon as late.*

T.

Tain. *taken.*
Tait. i. 280.
Tak. *take.*
Taken. *token.*
Tald. *told.*
Tane. *one.*
Tangles. *ſea-weed.*
Tap. *top.* Tap-knots. *top-knots.*
Tappit hen. *the Scotiſh quart ſtoup; ſo called from a ſmall* knob (tap *or* top) *on the lid, peculiar to that veſſel; thoſe hens which we, in England, call* copped (*or* creſted) *hens, being in Scotland called* tappit (tapped *or* topped) *hens*
Tarrow. *take pet.*
Tarry woo. *the wool of a ſheep that has been tarred?*
Tartan. i. 211. *alſo plaiding, croſs-ſtriped or checkered ſtuff of various co-*

lours worn by the Highlanders. Tartan plaid. Tartan ſcreen. *large piece of ſuch like ſtuff, worn by the women over their head and ſhoulders.* ; *alſo ſome kind of pottage, ſee* i. 211.

Tarveals. *plague us, torment us (with fretfulneſs and ill humour.)*

Taſhed. *ſtained, ſpotted.*

Tauld. *told.*

Teats. *ſmall parcels.*

Tees'd. *nibbled.*

Temper pin. i. 175.

Tent. *heed.* Tenty. *heedful, cautious.*

Thae. *theſe, thoſe.*

Thairs. *there is.*

The. *to.* the githe. *together.* the night *to night.*

Thee. *thrive.*

Thift. *theft.*

Thimber. ii. 139.

Thir. *theſe.*

Thocht. *though.*

Thochts. *thoughts.*

Thole. *ſuffer, endure.*

Thou's. Thouſe. *thou ſhalt.*

Thrang. *buſy.*

Thrangs. *throngs, crouds, preſſes.*

Thraw. *twiſt, twine, turn, manage, croſs, thwart.*

Thraw-cruk. *an inſtrument uſed by huſbandmen for twiſting hay,* &c. *into ropes.*

Thrawis. *throes, pangs, agonies.*

Thriſsles *thiſtles.*

Thud. *ſtroke, noiſe or ſound occaſioned by a blow, or the fall of any heavy body.*

Tiff. *good order.*

Tift. *puff.*

Till. *to.*

Tinclair. *tinker.*

Tine. *loſe.*

Tinkler. *tinker.*

Tint. *loſt.*

Tippony. *twopenny* ; *ale ſold for two pence a Scotiſh pint.*

Tirled. tirled at the pin. *twirled the latch, attempted to open the door.*

Tither. *other.*

Titter. *rather, ſooner.*

Titty. *ſiſter.*

Tocher. Tocher good. *marriage portion, fortune.*

Todlen. *todling, walking with a rolling ſhort ſtep, like a child, rocking, tottering.*

Tone. *one.*

Toofal. ere the toofal of the night. *before nightfall; an image, Mr. Lambe thinks, drawn from a ſuſpended canopy, ſo let fall as to cover what is below.*

Toom. *empty.* Toom'd. *emptied.*

Toſh. *tight, neat.*

Tother. *other.*

Touk of drum. *ſound of drum, beat of drum.*

Tow. *flax.*
Tow me owre the wa. *let me over the wall by a rope.*
Toys. *headdreſſes anciently worn*
Travelling. *in travail, in labour.*
Trene. *wooden.*
Trews. *Highland pantaloons, breeches and ſtockings all of one piece.*
Trieſt forth. *appoint forth*; "*draw forth by aſſignation.*"
Troch. *trough.*
Troth. *truth.*
Trouze. *See* Trews. *The word ſeems here uſed for the ſtockings only.*
Trow. *believe.*
Trows. Highland trows. *Highlandmen. See* Trews.
Truncheour. *trencher.*
Tul. Tull. *to.*
Turs. i. 194.
Twa. *two.*
Twal. *twelve.*
Twche. *tough.*
Tweel. *a particular cloth.*
Twin *part.* Twin'd. *parted.* Twin'd of. *parted from, deprived of.*
Twirtle twiſt. ii. 148.
Tyke. *dog.*
Tyne. *be loſt, die.*

U.

Uder. *other.*
Unco'. *very*; *alſo, uncouth, ſtrange, wonderful.*
Uneaſy. *difficult.*
Unkend. *unknown.*
Unmuſit. Unmuvit. *unmoved, undiſturbed.*
Unſonſie. *unlucky.*
Upo'. *upon.*

V.

Valziant. *valiant.*
Vaunty. *boaſtful.*
Vow. *See* Wow.

W.

Wad. a wad. *in pawn.*
Wad. *would.* Wadna. *would not.*
Wae. *woe.* wae worth ze. *woe be with ye, woe befall ye.*
Waefo. Waeful. *woeful.*
Waes me. *woe is me!*
Waik. *weak.*
Warld. *world.*
Wald. *join.*
Wale. *chooſe*; *alſo choice, beſt.*
Wallowit. *wan, faded.*
Waly waly. *an exclamation of grief, ſorrow,* &c.
Wames. *bellies.*
Wan, *got.*
Wan. *pale.*
Wan chanſie. *unlucky.*
Wandoghts. *ſilly, weak, im-*

Whilk. *which.*
potent perſons.
War. war em a'. *fight or beat them all.*
War. *worſe*
Warde. *warn, adviſe.*
Ware. *beſtow, ſpend.*
Wark. *work.*
Warld. *world, time.* Warlds. *times. See* Bodies.
Wat. *wet.*
Wat. Wate. *trow, know, believe.*
Water ſtoups. *conical wooden veſſels, in which water is fetched or kept.*
Wauk. *walk.*
Wauken. *waken.*
Wawking of the fauld. *watching of the fold? tending of the flock or herd.*
Wayward. *perverſe, headſtrong.*
Weaponſhaw. *ſhew of arms or weapons, a ſort of militia review; nearly as much care being formerly taken that the people were ſupplied with arms, as is taken at preſent that they are deprived of them.*
Wear. *drive, gather.*
Wearifu'. *wearyſome, vexatious.*
Weary. *wearyſome, diſagreeable; alſo, vexed, ſorrowful.*
Wecht. *weight, an implement uſed in winnowing. It reſembles a ſieve in form, but the bottom is of ſkin or canvas not perforated.*
Wed. to wed. *in pawn.*
Weddeen. *wedding.*
Wee. *little.* Wee bit. *little piece.* Wee wee. *very little.*
Weel. *well.*
Ween. *think.*
Weerd. *fortune, fate.*
Weers. i. 278.
Weet. *wet, rain.*
Weil bodin. *well provided, well furniſhed.*
Weir. *war.*
Weit. *wet.*
Weit. *with 't, with it.*
Well far'd. *well favoured, handſome.*
Wend. *go.*
Weſtlin. *weſt, weſtern.*
Wexed. *waxed, grew, became.*
Wha. *who.*
Whaſe. *whoſe.*
Whang. *large ſlice.*
What reck. *nevertheleſs.*
What recks. *what matters, what ſignifies.*
What an a. *what, what kind of a.*
Whigs. *enemies to the government before, and friends to it ſince the revolution; Preſbyterians,*

Williamites, Hanoverians.
Whinging. *whining*
Whorles. *See* Spindles.
Wicht. *wight, man.*
Wicht. *ſtrong.*
Wid. *would.*
Widderſhines. of a widderſhines grow. *that grows backward, the wrong way, contrary to the courſe of the ſun?*
Widow. *widower.*
Wie. *little.* the wie thing I hae. *the little matter I have.*
Wilily. *ſlyly, cunningly.*
Wilks. *periwinkles.*
Wiltu. *wilt thou.*
Win. *get.* Sal never win aboon't ava. *will never get the better of it at all.*
Winna. *will not.*
Winſome. *comely, agreeable, engaging.*
Wis. *trow, know, believe, think; there is no modern word perfectly ſynonimous or equivalent.*
Wiſs. *wiſh.*
Wiſt. *known, thought, believed, wiſhed.*
Wit. *know.*
Witherſhins. *the wrong or contrary way.*
Wittin *known.*
Won'd. *liv'd, dwell'd.*
Wons. *lives, dwells.*
Woo'. *wool.*
Wood. *furious, mad.* Woodwroth. *furiously wrathful.*
Wordy. *worthy.*
Worries. *chokes, ſuffocates.*
Wow. *woo.*
Wow. O wow! wow, O wow! *an exclamation; implying ſometimes eagerneſs, ſometimes wonder.*
Wraith. *ghoſt, ſpirit.*
Wrang. *wriggle.*
Wratacks. *rickety perſons, perſons unable to walk as they ſhould do?*
Wreath. my Jemmy's wreath. *his apparition.* wrea h of ſnaw. *heap of ſnow.*
Wun. *live, dwell.*
Wyle. *entice.*
Wylie. *cunning.*
Wyte. *blame.*

Y.

Yade. *mare.*
Yates. *gates.*
Yeed. *went.*
Ye'r. *your.*
Ye's. *you ſhall.*
Yeſtreen. *yeſternight.*
Yle. *iſle.* in fair Scotland the yle. *nonſenſe.*
Yonker. *young man.*

Z.

Ze. *ye.* N. B. *This letter at the beginning of a ſyllable has the power of* y, *in the middle of one, before conſonant, that of* gh.

Zou. *you.*

Zour. *your.*

Zeir. *year.*

Zit. *yet.*

Zule. *chriſtmas.*

Zung. *young.*

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

IN CLASS I.

SONG LV.*

'COWDEN'-KNOWS.†

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucccefsful loves,
Around the ews and lambkins feed,
And muſick fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.

† See Vol. I. p. 118.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-ſide;
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

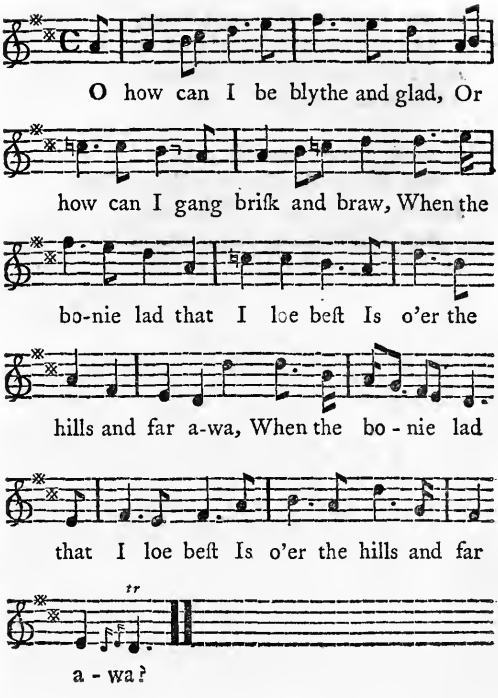
Not Tiviot braes, ſo green and gay,
May with 'this' broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ews
At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd 'Cowden'-knows.

SONG LVIII.*

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.



My father pat me frae his door,
  My friends they hae diſown'd me a',
But there is ane will tak my part,
  The bonie lad that's far awa.

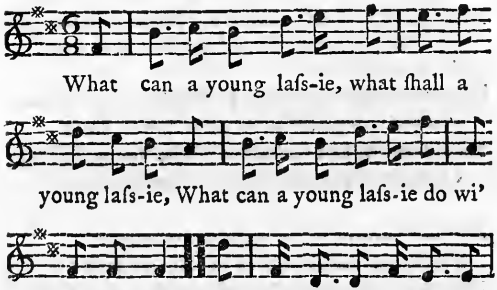
A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
  And ſilken ſnoods he gae me twa,
And I will wear them for his ſake,
  The bonie lad that's far awa.

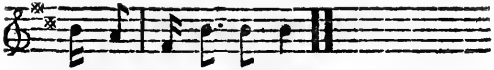
O weary winter ſoon will paſs,
  And ſpring will cleed the birken ſhaw,
And my young babie will be born,
  And he'll be hame that's far awa.

IN CLASS II.

SONG XXIII.*

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.





ny for fil - ler and lan'.

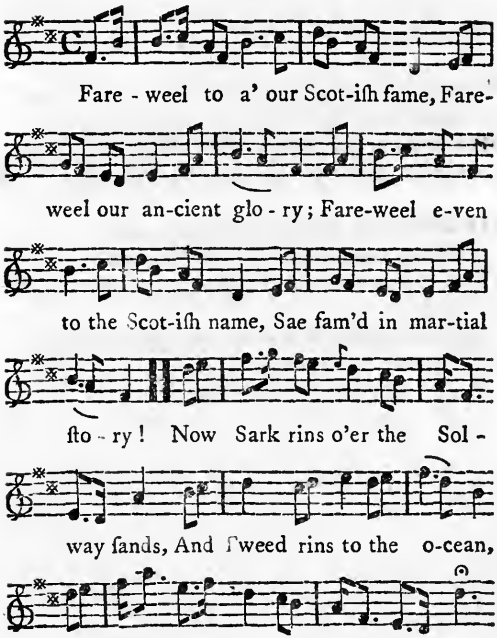
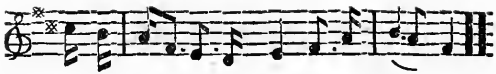
He's always compleenin frae morning to e'enin,
He hoſts and he 'hirples' the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen:
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can pleaſe him, do a' that I can;
He's peeviſh, and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll croſs him, and wrack him, untill I heart break him,
And then his auld braſs will buy me a new pan.

IN CLASS III.

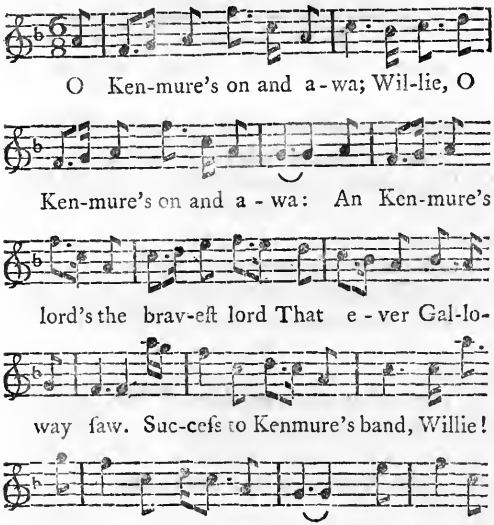
SONG XIV.*

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

Such a par - cel of rogues in a na - tion!

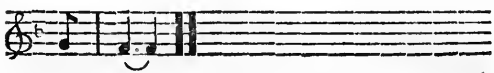
What force or guile could not ſubdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors wages.
The Engliſh ſteel we could diſdain,
Secure in valour's ſtation,
But Engliſh gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had ſeen the day
That treaſon thus could ſell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my laſt hour
I'll mak this declaration,
We're bought and ſold for Engliſh gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

SONG XV*.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE†.

† William Gordon, viſcount Kenmure, was commander in chief of the chevaliers forces in the ſouth of Scotland. Having joined general Forſter, and marched to Preſton in Lancaſhire, he there ſurrendered himſelf a priſoner at diſcretion, and was (very unjuſtly, as ſome thought) beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February, $17\frac{15}{16}$.

heart that fears a whig That rides by Ken-



mure's hand.

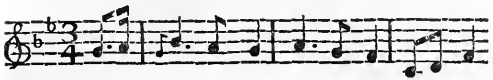
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

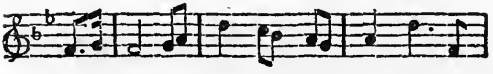
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and ſwords are metal true,
And that their faes ſhall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But ſoon wi' ſounding victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

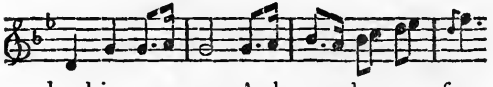
Here's Him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's Him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I lo'e beſt,
The roſe that's like the ſnaw.

SONG XIX*.

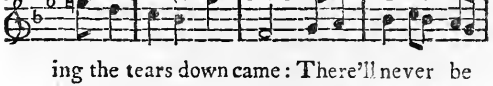
THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon caſ-tle wa', at the cloſe of



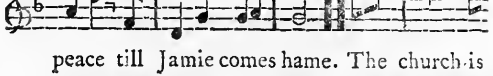
the day, I heard a man ſing, tho' his



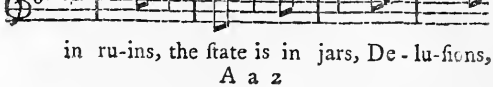
head it was grey; And as he was ſing-

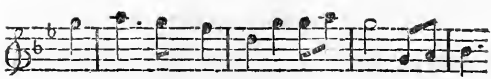


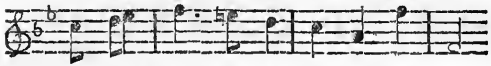
ing the tears down came: There'll never be



peace till Jamie comes hame. The church is

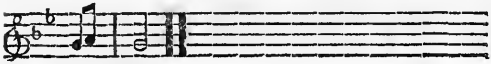


in ru-ins, the ſtate is in jars, De-lu-ſions,

op-preſ-ſions, and murderous wars, We dare



na weel ſay't, but we ken wha's to blame:

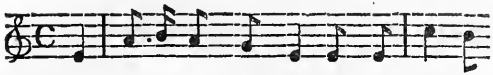
There'll ne - ver be peace till Ja - mie

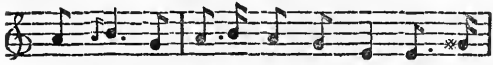


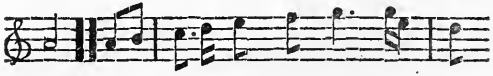
comes hame.

My ſeven braw ſons for Jamie drew ſword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the ſweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame:
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my laſt moments my words are the ſame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

SONG XXXIV*.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Ye Ja-co-bites by name, give an ear, give



an ear; Ye Ja-co-bites by name, give an

ear; Ye Ja-co-bites by name, Your faules

I will proclaim, Your doctrines I maun blame,

You ſhall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?

A ſhort ſword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a ſtrang
For to draw.

What makes heroic ſtrife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic ſtrife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic ſtrife?
To whet th' aſſaſſin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bludie war.

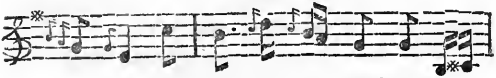
Then let your ſchemes alone, in the ſtate, in the ſtate;
Then let your ſchemes alone, in the ſtate;
Then let your ſchemes alone,
Adore the riſing ſun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

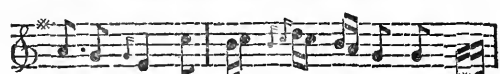
SONG XXXIV**.

ORANANAOIG, OR, THE SONG OF DEATH.

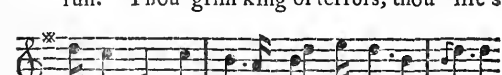
BY ROBERT BURNS.

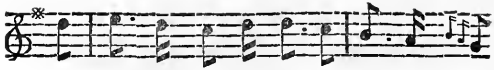
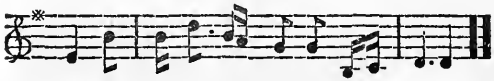
A Gaelic air.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and

ye ſkies, Now gay with the broad ſet - ting

ſun! Farewell, loves and friendſhips, ye dear

tender ties! Our race of ex-is-tence is

run. Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's



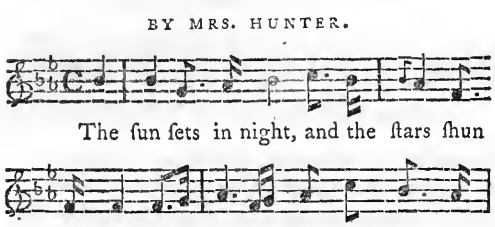
gloomy foe, Go frighten the coward and ſlave!

Go teach them to tremble, fell ty-rant! but

know, No terrors haſt thou to the brave.

Thou ſtrik'ſt the dull peaſant, he ſinks in the dark,
Nor ſaves e'en the wreck of a name:
Thou ſtrik'ſt the young hero, a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honor, our ſwords in our hands,
Our king and our country to ſave,
While victory ſhines on life's laſt ebbing ſands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

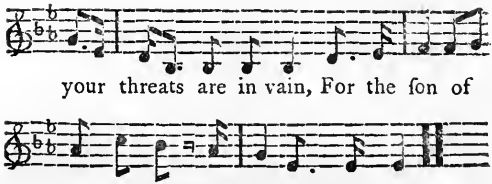
SONG XL.

THE DEATH SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS*.

BY MRS. HUNTER.



* "The ſimple melody" of this ſong, as we are informed by its fair author, "was brought to England ten years ago by a gentleman named Turner, who had (owing to ſome ſingular events in his life) ſpent nine years amongſt the natives of America; he aſſured the author," ſhe continues, "that it was peculiar to that tribe or nation called the Cherokees, and that they chanted it to a barbarous jargon, implying contempt for their enemies in, the moments of torture and death." She adds that, "The words have been thought ſomething characteriſtick of the ſpirit and ſentiments of thoſe brave ſavages;" that "we look upon the fierce and ſtubborn courage of the dying Indian with a mixture of reſpect, pity and horror; and" that "it is to thoſe ſentiments in the breaſt of the hearer that the death ſong muſt owe its effect."



Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow?—do you wait 'till I ſhrink from the pain?
No, the ſon of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away,
Now the flame riſes faſt, you exult in my pain,
But the ſon of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghoſt ſhall rejoyce in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain;
And thy ſon, O Alknomook, has ſcorn'd to complain.

THE END

CORRECTIONS.

VOL I.

Page 35. *line* 5. *for* like's *read* life's.
52. *note. for* Song xxiii, Part III. *r.* Song XXXIV. Claſs III.
69. *l.* 3. *for* Cloe *r.* Chloe.
79. Tune, *Alloa-houſe.*] *Add this note:* Compoſed by Mr. Oſwald.
81. *l.* 18. *for* ſouls *r.* ſoul.
91. *l.* 12. *for* ſh'd *r.* ſhe'd.
100. *l.* 10. *for* what *r.* when.
106. *note. l* 5. *add,* Again: in Heywoodes *Epigrammes upon Prouerbes:*
"The blacke oxe neuer trode on thy foote."
116. SONG LIV. BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.] *Add this note:* In "Alfred, a maſque."
125. *l.* 2. *for* anſome *r.* awſome.
128. *l.* 2. *for* The *r.* She.
131. SONG LX. MY DEARY IF YOU DIE.] *add:* BY MR. CRAWFORD.
132. *l.* 14. *for* life *r.* like.
136. *l.* 2. *after* for *inſert* his.
141. SONG LXIV. BY DAVID MALLET, ESQUIRE.] *add this note:* In "Alfred, a maſque."
155. *l.* 9. *for* they him *r.* they fought him.
158. *l.* 4. *after* pin'd *inſert* it.
179. *l.* 9 *for* fleece *r.* fleece.
183. *l.* 8. *for* Pare *r.* Bare.
192. *l.* 4. *for* ye *r.* ze.
l. 6. *for* Then *r.* Than, *and for* ye *r.* ze.
202. *l.* 14. *for* left *r.* left.
214. *l.* 9. *for* green *r.* grey.
218. *l.* 2. *for* mealt *r.* meal.
237. *for* ONG *r.* SONG.
274. *l.* 3. *for* he *r.* be.

Page 13. *l.* 19. *Add this note*: Carlinrig is about ten miles above Hawick, near the head of the water of Tiviot; where, according to our beſt hiſtorians, this chieftan, and his brave men were hanged on growing trees. The particular ſpot upon which theſe trees grew is yet well known to ſome of our old people, who ſcruple not to tell us, that as a token of the king's injuſtice in this affair, the trees from that day withered away. It is ſaid that one of John's attendants, by the ſtrength and ſwiftneſs of his horſe, forced his way through the many thouſands that ſurrounded them; and carried the news of the unhappy fate of his maſter and companions to Gilnockie caſtle, which then ſtood upon a rock, encompaſſed by the water of Eſk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles below the Longholm." *Poetical Muſeum, Hawick*, 1784.

Buchanan, who repreſents Armſtrong to have been equally formidable to the Scots and the Engliſh, ſays that he was enticed to have recourſe to the king, and that coming unarmed, with about fifty horſe, without a ſafe conduct, he fell into an ambuſh, and was brought to the king as a priſoner. Lord Hailes thinks that "Buchanan obliquely cenſures James V. for this great act of publi juſtice." His Lordſhip is, however, mistaken, in ſuppoſing JOHN THE REIF to mean JOHNY ARMSTRONG. See *Ancient Scottiſh Poems*, Edin. 1770, p. 265.

Armſtrong's death is likewiſe related by biſhop Leſley, who adds an inſtance of horrid cruelty; the wife and children of one of the ſufferers being burnt alive in his houſe. He alſo ſays that George Armſtrong, brother to John, ſaved his life by turning informer. *De R. G. Scotorum, Romæ*, 1578. p. 403.

15. *l.* 4. *for* him *r.* lim.
20. *l.* 8. *d.* you.
36. *l.* 6. *before* mair *inſert* and.
49. *l.* 1. *for* I'll *r.* Ile.
50. *l.* 9. *for* This *r.* Theſe.
l. 16 *for* ne'er, *r.* ne're.

Page 40. *note. add*—although the circumſtance of the Engliſh army falling upon the highlanders in bed makes it highly probable that this is the action alluded to.

61. *l.* 6. *for* eaforth *r.* Seaforth.

65. *l.* 9. *r.* diſgrace.

69. *l.* 18. *for* budge *r.* bridge.

76. *l.* 8. *and* 9. *for* Haddington *we might poſſibly read* Berwick, *and for* ſeven or eight, ſixty or ſeventy.

"Nor deign'd, in threeſcore miles, to look behind." *Smollett.*

79. *note, l.* 1. *after* of *inſert* a.

87. *l.* 9. *for* about *r.* but.

107. *l.* 10. *before* to *inſert* for.

121. *l.* 8. *for* Mavis *r.* mavis.

129. *for* FIFTH *r.* FOURTH.

148. *l.* 22. *for* zours *r.* zour.

172. *l.* 11. *after* be *inſert* for.

180. *l.* 15. *for* wirh *r.* with.

Vol. I. *Page* 66. *This ſong ought not to have been inſerted, as the authoreſs, though of Scotiſh parentage, was born in London.*

GLOSSARY.

Dine] *add:* Again, in *The cruel ſiſter*, a ballad of the ſame kind:

"O by there came a harper fine,
"That harped to the king AT DINE."

Fother] *add:* it is alſo a wain-load.

Limmers] *add:* or (more properly) bitches; a ſpecies of dog being anciently ſo called.

HISTORICAL ESSAY.

Page xviii. *note. l.* 5. *for* eldsris *read* eldaris.

xxviii. *add:* See alſo Johnſons *Scots muſical muſeum.*

xlix. *l.* 22. dele *this whole paragraph, and read:* James the ſixth, better known as a compoſer of pſalms, ſonnets and madrigals, is now firſt mentioned as a writer of ſongs. In the library of St. Martins pariſh, Weſtminſter, is a MS. volume, containing "all the kings ſhort poems that are not printed;" and among theſe are three ſongs; the firſt beginning "What mortal man may live but hart;" the ſecond, "When as the ſkilful archer falſe;" the third, ... being "The firſt verſes that ever the king made." Whatever may be the character of theſe particular pieces, ſome of his com-

positions, it ought to be acknowleged, are not deſtitute of poetical merit.

lvii. *l.* 13. *for* beginning with *read* containing. *It is the ſecond ſtanza that begins with the line in queſtion.*

lxxvi. *note. l.* 4. dele his.

cxiii. *l.* 6. *for* about 1550, *r.* in 1539: *and add the following note.* This date is aſcertained beyond the poſſibility of a doubt, by a curious original letter from ſir William Eure to ſome nobleman of the Engliſh court, dated Berwick, 26th January [1539]. There had been a border-meeting at Coldſtream on the 21ſt of that month, at which ſir William was informed, by maſter Bellendyn, one of the Scotiſh commiſſiners, that "by the kinges pleaſour, he being prevey therunto, thay 'had' hade ane enterluyde played in the feaſte of the epiphane of our lorde laſt paſte, before the king and quene at Lighqwoe, and the hoole counſaile ſpirituall and temporall." He likewiſe tranſmits a copy of "the nootes of the interluyde," which, ſays he, "I haue obteigned from a Scotteſman of our ſorte, being preſent at the playing of the ſaide enterluyde." Theſe notes contain a particular deſcription of the piece in queſtion, which evidently appears to have been Lindſays "Satyre of the thrie eſtaits." This important communication is preſerved in a MS. of the royal library in the Muſeum, (7 C XVI.) and clearly proves, that James V. was better inclined to a reformation of religion than he appeared to be to ſir Ralph Sadler. So that it is by no means an argument of Mackenzies folly to tell us that Lindſays works were firſt printed at Edinburgh, in 1540: "as if," exclaims Mr. Pinkerton, "works againſt the papiſts could, in 1540, be printed at Edinburgh!" With ſubmiſſion to this daſhing genius, one may reaſonably preſume, that if ſuch works could be publicly repreſented at Lithgow, in 1539, they might be ſafely printed at Edinburgh in 1540. The expreſſions, inconſiſtent with the above date, in the Hyndford MS. muſt of courſe have been introduced after the original repreſentation.